

1891

1892

Philadelphia

4103 WALNUT ST.

Oct. 19, 1891.

My dear Mr. Speer:

Powers tells me of your letter to New York, and I am truly glad that you have decided as you have. I dared not give you explicit counsel, although I took pleasure in putting all my thoughts on the subject at your disposal. I prayed that you might be guided by the Spirit, and I knew that that was your prayer. Yet all the while, as I thought of the subject earnestly and in prayerfulness, I could see many reasons why you should take the place as one to which God was calling you, and none why you should decline it.

I have been reading over the life of
Jeremiah Evarts, and I see that it was
while he was a young man, and because
he was a young man, that he was enabled
to do so much for the foreign missionary
cause. I trust and pray that God
will enable you to do more than Jeremiah
Evarts did.

My interest in you will be only
the closer and deeper henceforth, in
consequence of the sympathy with and
knowledge of you I have had at this
time of the change in your life plans.
My prayers shall be offered for you
daily and earnestly, and I shall be
always

Yours sincerely
A. Gray Drumheller

Dr. Spruntuel,

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Jan. 7. 1892.

My dear Mr. Speer:

Your articles, on the Students' Missionary Movement are received, and I have read them with hearty interest. I should be quite ready to print them just as they stand, and I will gladly do so if you finally prefer it. But there are several points on which I am not sure whether you have made your meaning clear, and there are other points at which I would like a conference with you, as to the wisdom or expediency of your speaking as you have done in these articles.

Not merely with reference to these articles, but because I want a fuller understanding with you, in order that I may co. work with you as far as I can in the line of your

plans and service for our Master, I
would like to have a couple of hours talk
with you on the whole subject.

If you will tell me when I can
best see you for such a talk, I will
gladly run over to New York for day
or evening in pursuit of it. Mean-
while and ever, until He comes, I am

Yours in sincerest regard,
H. Jay Cromwell

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Jan. 14 1892.

My dear Mr. Speer.

I thank you most heartily for your very kind words about that sketch of my dear wife. I am glad to have such proof that her influence for good is blivon.

My Saturday afternoon chat with you is a pleasant memory to me; and my prayers for you since then have more of life in them.

I have looked over your three articles more carefully point by point and statement by statement. While I should

be quite willing to print them
just as they stand, I am still
desirous of a conference with
you over several points, at
which I want to know whether
or not ^{we} agree, and if not what
our difference is. So, as soon
as I can get the time, I hope
to see you again face to face.

The truth is I believe that
God is leading us in this matter,
and I want to follow as he leads.
I am even thinking of writing
an editorial on the subject
stating my views fully, and
then submitting it to you before
publication, in order to see whether
we are, or can be, in fuller agree-
ment than either of us has sup-
posed.

Meanwhile and always I am
Your friend sincerely
Wm Lloyd Garrison

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Feb. 5. 1892.

My dear Mr. Spear:

By this mail I send you a set of my little books, and herewith I hand you a list of the various articles comprised within their limits; as there is no general index to them elsewhere.

Please do not feel bound to read them; but if any of their titles strike you with interest, you have available the entire set to refer to.

Your friend sincerely
A. C. Crumwell

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Dec. 6, 1892.

My dear Mr. Spear:

In view of our talk over the methods of extending the influence of the Gospel, as indicated in the Bible record, and as illustrated in the work of the early Church, you may have an interest in looking at my careful treatment of this whole subject in the first two of my Yale Lectures on the Sunday school.

I send you, therefore,
herewith a copy of that
work, and I am

Your friend sincerely
J. Jay Gould

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

March 11, 1892

My dear Mr. Spear:

I ought to have handed you the enclosed check for your two articles, before now; but other things crowded along attention to it. It was not that I forget it, but that I was too busy to turn to it.

Years ago my old pastor's wife in Hartford, asked Rose Perry Cooke, "Rose, do you pursue a system?" "Yes," was Rose's quick response, "I pursue a system, but I never caught it yet." That's my trouble.

I heard of you a few days
ago through Dr. Nevins; and
I hear of you occasionally -
through "Tommy." I trust
that all goes well with
you in our Master's loving
service; and I am

Yours sincerely

Wm. H. Brewster

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

4031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

March 15, 1892.

My dear Mr. Spear:

Your latest letter gives me a gleam of your inner self, in a way that interests me warmly; and my impulse is to write ^{at once} and tell you so.

Hitherto I have written and heard from you in special lines; but now I have a word from you without any business barrier in the way; therefore I can see you more clearly.

I am glad you are finding joy in your work; and I believe you ^{are} both getting and doing good thereby. A broad field is before you, and the Lord will enable you to extend your influence throughout it.

You say truly, that life in a great city is lonely and trying. There is no such loneliness as loneliness in a crowd. When I was a schoolboy, away from home, I had a homesick time in the school village; but when I went to the county town to attend a month of July celebration, my heart was ready to break because there were so many more strangers about me: all of them having their own enjoyments and companionships from which I was shut out.

I agree with your brother as to the choices you must decide between. I've no fear of "the dogs," or suicide to you; but you will have the "honorable varmines," now, with a possible outlook toward "marriage" - heroic though that alternative be.

You know something of my view of the elevating and ennobling influence of friendships; and I hope you will have some in that line. I want to

say, also, that I am a firm believer
in the gain of early marriages. On
this point - I would like to talk to
you more fully, than I can ^{now} write.

The advantages of an early marriage
over a later one are very great. Indeed
I do not think that a man who is
not married before ^{he is} thirty can ever
know the reality of married life at
its best; and if he can marry
before he is twenty-five he has the
better start for a true union, and
a double life made one, in marriage.

I merely speak - this now,
because your words have prompt-
ed the thought. But apart from
this, ^{I want to say that} your letter has deepened my
sympathy with you, and that I
am wiser than ever

Your friend affectionately
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

Dr Trumbull
to
Rob

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

March 16 1892.

My dear Mr. Speer:

You may be interested in seeing how your statement of the Student Movement case has impressed, or aroused, the Southern Wesleyan - high church organs of the South; therefore I send ~~it~~ by air herewith an article on the subject.

You mustn't feel in duty bound to acknowledge my letters, or to be prompt in any response that may be in your mind. I wouldn't hinder you in your good work for the Master; but I would have you know

That I am always

Your friend affectionately

Wm. C. Brewster

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS

1131 Walnut St., Philadelphia

May 26, 1892.

My dear Mr. Spear:

Your letter delights me; and I must write to you at once, while the thrill of joy is on me in response to its disclosure, to tell you how glad I am for you and for her. God bless you both!

Work crowds me this morning, and I can only say these few hearty words before turning to my day's "dredging device" in our dear Master's service; but what I do say is out of my heart & hearts.

Indeed I shall be glad to write to her and give her congratulations most enthusiastically. And I thank you most sincerely for the confidence you have shown in me by permitting

we to share so early, the knowledge
of your new joy and your new hopes.

All this deepens my love for you
and makes me more consciously and
more really

Your friend affectionately,
E. H. Gray

1031 Walnut St.

Phil. May 20 1892

My dear Miss Barley:

My dear friend
Mr. Speer gives me the privilege of
writing to you in hearty congratulation,
in view of the good news that he has
honored me by disclosing so early;
and I lose no time in availing my-
self of this permission.

Indeed, I am glad for you and
for him. I know him well enough
to be sure that you have cause for
happiness, in winning his heart-
love; and I have such confidence
in his judgment that I cannot
doubt that he is to be congratulated
in winning the one in whom his
heart was set.

It is no ordinary interest that
I have in this matter. Providentially
I have been brought into peculiar re-
lations with Mr. Speer, and I have come
to love him very dearly, and to honor
him very highly. One who is so dear

to him cannot not be dear to me.
I have been accustomed to pray
lovingly for him, and I shall now
include you in my prayers.

I feel sure that God has good things
in store for you and for him, and
among all the many who rejoice in
his thought none can rejoice more
earnestly or heartily than

Your friend most truly
Edw. Bruntall

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

May 27, 1892.

My dear Mr. Spear:

You know, I suppose, that the Baptist Centenary of Missions is being observed in this city this week. I am meeting many godly men and women in connection with it.

This morning there called at my office an old army comrade, ^{- F. C. Evans -} who is in attendance at its sessions. I met him first when he lay wounded on a North Carolina battle field, and I kneeled by him to speak words of cheer and prayer. He came afterwards to be warmly attached to me, and he is one of the most enthusiastic admirers I have in the world.

At his request I dined with him and his wife and daughter this noon, and I found them most hearty admirers of you also. They were at Northfield last

summer, and they expect to see them again this year. I enjoyed a chat with them, while they and I vied with each other in loving words about you.

I send you by this mail a copy of a revised edition of "The Knightly Soldier," a book of mine that has been out of print almost twenty years. A glance at the commendations of it at its close will show you that it was counted by good judges a work worthy of being kept in print. I think you will be interested in it. It shows what a friend I had to prove to me the worth of friendship.

Your friend affectionately
A. Gray Sumner

A prominent attraction of Northfield here, is the expectation of seeing so much more of you here, this summer.

1892?

4103 WALNUT ST.
Philadelphia.

Here's another "postscript", my dear
Speer, do not forget to call attention in
that paper to the fourth paragraph in my
"Illustrative applications" (on page 538).
It is on the words: "That they might receive
the Holy Ghost." It is in the line of my
views of the mission and work of the Com-
puter. As I have stated these views to
you, I like to point out the Biblical
foundation of them.

And I'm rather glad of an excuse for
another line to you. You are rarely out
of my thoughts; and you are never out of
my heart.

Your very loving friend,

W. H. C. Conover

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

May 31, 1892.

My dear Mr. Spear:

Don't let my letters tax your time; but I am so full of ^{loving} interest in you and your affairs just now, that I cannot help writing more freely than I am accustomed to except when the bottom of my heart is upturned to the surface.

I have a delightful note from Miss Bailey this morning, and its spirit and words are a great gratification to me. I learn with peculiar satisfaction that I may hope to meet her at Northfield this year.

Yesterday being "Memorial Day," my thoughts were back in the busy and thrilling past. It came to me as a fresh thought that Henry Camp

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst wrote me a congratulatory letter ^{over it,} the day before he sailed. I speak of it to you, simply because it illustrates one phase of the multifarious personal character in which you have expressed a kindly interest. The only absurdity in the newspaper report is the reference to me as "a wealthy man"; but then are different standards of riches!

Do not feel an obligation to acknowledge this letter; but simply count it another indication of the hearty love I bear you as

Your friend affectionately,

Wm Lloyd Garrison

P. S. When I gave you sage counsel as to the wisdom of heroic early marriage, I little thought you were so near the brink; but I am more glad for you now than I can tell.

was only about your age when we were together in prison and in battle, and that he was not much older when he died. You have reminded me of him in personal appearance since I first saw you - never anyone more so. I shall be glad to know your opinion of his life-story when you have read it.

It has been a comfort to me in my times of depression over my personal lack and my personal unworth, that such a man as he, with the knowledge of me that he had, loved me. His friendship has been, in its memory, an inspiration to me in all these years. And this suggests the comfort of the thought that our Lord loves us.

Did I mention to you the incident of a law-suit I have been engaged in for the public good, and have just won? If I did please excuse me for referring to it again. The newspaper clips herewith, from the Philadelphia Press, tell the story. It has been widely commented on by the public prints in different parts of the country, including editorial mention in the New York Evening Post.

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

June 1, 1892.

My dear Miss Bailey:

Your prompt and very kind acknowledgment of my letter of congratulation gave me sincere and hearty pleasure; and I want to say to you that it touches and gladdens my heart to have even Mr. Spear link me so pleasantly with your hopes and joys for the future. My prayers go up for both: now night and morning, and my best wishes and warmest sympathies are with you at all times.

I am indeed glad that I may look forward to meeting you at Northfield, and that my daughter Alice, who cares for my home, can also see you there.

I sent to Mr. Speer a biography
of an army comrade, that I shall
be glad to have you see. Its subject,
Major Camp, was the handsomest,
the noblest, and the grandest man
I ever knew; and he was my
truest dearest friend. I am sure
that his story will impress you,
because of his goodness and
bravery. Mr. Speer has strongly
reminded me of him in person-
al appearance and manner
since first I saw him, and
I think you will see resem-
blances in various lives. There-
fore it is that I speak of the
book to you in this way.

With best wishes for your
welfare and happiness, I am
Dear friend sincerely,
H. J. [Signature]

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

June 10, 1892.

Friday Am.

My dear Mr. Spear:

I mailed you
last evening a copy of "Edgo
'Dassi's Seminar," which I like
so much.

I have examined with much
interest your "Studies in the Gospel
of Luke." It is a very thorough piece
of work. The way, as you suggest,
to be able to improve ^{methods}
as the years go on; but I do not
think you can save any reason,
as you also suggested, for won-
dering that you did what you
did ^{in your} ^{life} so far. It is
full of ^{valuable} hints for workers and students.

I was in at my office, yes-
terday afternoon; and on the
train going and coming I wrote
a "Lesson Summary" and two "Editor-
ial Notes," besides doing some read-
ing and thinking. My run to New
York was exclusively for the pur-
pose of seeing you, and I enjoyed
my call on you. I hope that I did
not seriously hinder you in your
day's work.

And I hope that my out-of-control
enthusiasm does not strike you
in unpleasant contrast with that
repression of voice which you
admire. When my mouth is really
full, it wants to run over. And
I have found it running over full

as

Your friend affectionately,
C. V. (Ray) Cromwell

P.S. I have a note from
Soiler at Southampton, and
I presume you may have one.
It reports a pleasant trip
across the ocean.

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1039 Walnut St., Philadelphia

June 16, 1892.

My dear Mr. Spear:

You mustn't get frightened at the rapidity with which your letters are answered by me. Ordinarily I am a poor correspondent, but every time one of your letters comes to me it is as if I have a suggestion, or a task set in my mind, that calls for hearty response; and I want to attend to it at once lest the matter slip.

What you say about your planned studies in the Life of our Lord is of interest to me, but I want to lay before you a thought about that "folded napkin", which has proved a great thought in my mind, since first it was given me; and it may prove helpful to you. Perhaps I can best present it briefly in my ^{enclosed} "Lesson Summary", or our last

study of the Resurrection. By this you will see that our Lord did not rise up from the dead in his mortal body, and fold up his grave clothes before obtaining a new suit; but he rose transformed, without disturbing a fold or a crease of the coverments of the tomb. Hence there was ocular proof of the resurrection, to those who looked and saw the deserted chrysalis.

I am so glad of your ^{appreciation} interest in my sister's dreams. I shall tell her what you say about them. And I want to talk about her to your mother and Miss Bailey, when I meet you at Northfield.

This week I have been to Yale to see my Charley. As I came back, yesterday afternoon, on the cars, I wrote an editorial on "The Fruit of the Vine," which introduces a large portion - or an extended quotation from - Up Bassi's Sermon in the Hospital. I had that in mind when I spoke to you about that Sermon. I feel that when the Lord would have me give out some of "the fruit of the Vine" for the sake of others, he puts a new portion of my personality under pressure in suffering; and this thought comforts me in my suffering. The editorial may not

appear for several weeks yet; as I am
writing up in advance, so as to get time
for Northfield.

My peculiar interest in you dates
back quite a season, and it has been
prepared for and intensified by provi-
dences beyond your knowledge. It is
an sudden impulse; it is no surface
matter. It is of Him, and from Him,
and for Him; and to Him I give thanks.
I am grateful that you seem to take
to it so easily. God bless you and
yours!

Your friend affectionately
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

P.S. Don't feel called on to
acknowledge this, specially. The
point about the "napkin" made me
write it over.

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS

1131 Walnut St., Philadelphia

June 16, 1892.

My dear Mr. Spear:

As a postscript to the letter I have just sent you, I want to ask if you have ever read my "Blood Covenant"? It is a study in primitive customs, that throws light on the terminology of the Bible, including the words "life", "blood", "sacrifice", and "atonement".

Sailer was much impressed by its facts, and I think you might be interested in them. The book has been out of print for some time, and I am intending a new issue of it before long. If you have not seen it, I shall be glad to send you a copy of the English edition of it which I have to spare.

My editorial on "The Fruit of the Vine", a proof copy of which I send you herewith, in

or sixty members of my Bible class in my parlor and library, awaiting my coming. One of their members, speaking for them, told of the gain they had made in that Bible class; and he claimed to have been more of a gainer than any other one person. In replying to him I said that I must make that claim for myself; for whatever any one else had gained in that class, I had gained more. And I added that when I saw their faces as I entered the house, I thought it looked like a meeting of my creditors, who wanted to know how many cents on the dollar I could pay of my indebtedness. I am sure you will understand this feeling on my part.

And already I have been helped in and for my writing and thinking and living by my closer contact with your spiritual life; and I am therefore gratefully as well as

Affectionately your friend,

Wm. C. Crammond

advance of its issue, includes a condensed statement of some of the more important truths of the "Blind Covenant." Therefore it is that I ask you about it.

I hope you won't think, from the way in which I make suggestions of books and themes that may interest you, that I am supposing that my friendship for you is to have its chief fruit in what I do for you; although that result is a fitting one for a true friendship. The truth is I am selfishly desirous of gaining from your spiritual insight, and moreover I do gain from it. I have wanted to get nearer to you, ^{in order} to be helped by you; and all that I say to you on any of these themes of consideration has been with a view to learning how they impressed you, in order that your impressions might impress me.

My birthday occurred last week, on Wednesday. I didn't suppose anyone knew anything about it; but in the evening, as I came back to my house from the prayer-meeting, I found some fifty

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

403½ Walnut St., Philadelphia

June 24, 1892.

My dear Mr. Spear:

Indeed I am glad you would not take time from Miss Bailey to answer my letters! And I hope you will never let my letters stand between you and business.

It shall be so glad to talk over some of those points, at Northville, about which you speak. That "life" question is a vital one, in my opinion. The facts that throw light on it, ^{as gathered in} are brought out in the book that I send you herewith. When you have read it - and you must do so only - at your leisure - we can talk about it with an understanding of the common basis of those facts.

The subjective matter in wrapping is a matter of profound interest to me. There is a point for conference at Northfeld. About the "naphkin" question I will say a word. There were no "grave-clothes" in those days. There were grave "cloths" or swaddings. The body was wound with a continuous bandage, mummy-like. A naphkin was wound, or rolled, about the head by itself. (See John-11:44.) When Jesus rose from the dead, with his transformed resurrection body, the wrappings were left in their original swaddings; even the naphkin was left rolled by itself, just as it had been when the head was within it. One looking down upon these wrappings ^{on} would see the form of the body in their shaping, and the form of the head in the naphkin by itself, giving proof that those cloths and the naphkin could not have been removed from body and head and then replaced, by human hands. So there was ocular proof of the miraculous resurrection. "They saw and believed." So I make myself clear? If not, I will hope to talk with you more fully when we meet.

I think that my son Charles knows Miss Birley. He is at home with me at Northfeld. I shall be glad to meet her, and to have my daughter's name remembered. I pray for you both, dearly and lovingly.

I ever fear that any question you
wish to ask on Bible study, or on any
other point, will not have a patient
answer from me, given gladly on
my part. It is not that I can
instruct you in these lines; but it is
that my long experience and my
special lines of study may furnish
material for your use in a shape
that I am incompetent to make
available.

I have all our life found that
my best work was with and for
individuals, rather than with and
for the general public. And now
I rejoice that I can put at your
disposal, for discriminating service,
whatever of truth I may have had
glimpses of in my varied life-work.
And through you the best of it will
be made available for our dear Mother's
cause. In this hope I am grateful to
him, and am
Your friend most lovingly,
H. Fay

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

119 Walnut St., Philadelphia

June 27 1892.

My dear Mr. Spear:

Here is another postscript, as usual. The reason for this is that I don't stop thinking of you when I stop writing to you. I have a way of carrying on two trains of thought at the same time; so when I've read a letter from you I keep on thinking of it even after I've answered it, - whatever else I'm doing.

Your question about "suffering" has reminded me of an editorial I wrote on the subject seven years

ago. It doesn't answer your question, but it may have a suggestion by you that will prove helpful. At all events I have looked it up, and I mail a copy of the paper containing it herewith.

Meanwhile I shall go on thinking about you, and loving you, as

Your friend most heartily,
F. H. Crumball

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St. Philadelphia

June 27, 1892.

My dear Mr. Speer:

A single sentence in your letter just received gives the key-note to my whole plan of Bible study, and epitomizes ^{one of} my proposed addresses at Northfield. Can say, "I constantly find myself reading back into New Testament words conceptions which do not belong there; and I do not want to do it with 'supposing'."

It is just that danger - of which you have an apprehension - that I am to warn the Northfield students against. I have some illustrations of its perils, that I am sure you will be interested in.

Our studies ~~are~~ late years have brought me into a measure of ~~acquaintance~~

with the Oriental writers of the Bible,
and have given me some light on
their modes of thought and expression.
Hence my emphasis on this lesson, which
you see ^{already} the force of.

The word "suffering" is one of the words
I want to speak of. I do not think
that the New Testament use of $\tau\rho\alpha\upsilon\mu\alpha$ jus-
tifies our English idea of suffering - as affected
by the subjective element; therefore I treated
the word "suffering" in that editorial, as
correspondent with "endurance". But more
about this by and by.

I see now what you meant about
the "napkin". But here again I ask,
What was the mode of burial? and what
would the language used imply in the
light of the customs of then? It seems to me
that the body cloth had one place, and
the head cloth another place; both cloths
being rolled or wrapped, but the one dis-
tinct from the other. If the Greek does not forbid
this understanding, the facts in the case seem
to me to justify it.

This letter doesn't call for a reply. The Lord
guide and fill you for your Northfield work!
Your friend lovingly,
A. A. Phelps

4103 WALNUT ST.
Philadelphia.

July 19, 1892.

My dear Friend:

It was a disappointment to me not to see you again before I left Northfield. Not that I make much of a Good bye as a Good bye; but that I value every added pressure of your hand and every look of your eye in a kindly personal greeting, with all that they show to me of your real and unassuming self.

I came to know you better and to love you ^{more} at Northfield than ever before, and I have indelible memories of your words and ways in your public and private expressions. I can see you as you stood in that tent leading our Bible class, and as you stood in the platform in Stone Hall, speaking those earnest, loving words for Christ and of Christ; I can see your look across the dining hall, with its fulness of tender

meaning; and I hear again those ^{precious} words of prayer which you spoke for me before I made that address on the first Tuesday night of the Conference.

I gained much during those two weeks at Northfield, which I trust will show in my life and words for Christ, and most of all, by God's blessing, came through you.

Forgive me for this freedom of speech, but I am sore tried with conflicting emotions as I return to my home. I have not been away for so long a period in eleven years, and coming back to an empty house, save my youngest child and a troop of memories, I felt my human loneliness. My daughters, and my son and son-in-law, did not return with me. My youngest daughter came back from a visit to the home of her oldest sister to meet me, and I have tried not to let her see any signs of depression on my part.

And I do thank God that he gave me a preparation for my special trial in the comfort and cheer I had at Northfield. You have aboundedly re-

reminded me of Henry Camp, while
you have trails of personality all
your own; and when you told me,
on that last evening at the 1100
College, that you and Miss Bailey
had come to love me as you had
known more of me, I thanked
God and took courage. And now
I am better fitted for my work
and for my trials - for my "suffer-
ings" in what I am called to en-
dure - in the thought that I have a
place in your affections and prayers,
as I love and pray for both of you.

To-day is the anniversary of my
capture and imprisonment with my
friend Henry Camp, and its mem-
ories press upon me.

I send by express a package of
books, which are to be reserved for
your leisure and your pleasure in
their examining. I do not want
them to burden you. First there is
that little book of Thomas Fuller. You
will note in the Preface what Coleridge
thought of its author, and I think you

w
be glad to become familiar with this
work of his.

I told you how I treasured the
book in army times. On one occasion, when
our regimental baggage was shipped at
Darien, Panama, the vessel containing
it was sunk in sixty fathoms of water,
and remained there three months. Beside
my larger baggage there was a small box
containing my prison diary, the notes of
my sermons, and this book. When the vessel
was raised I longed to obtain my box, and I
hired a man to hunt for it, promising him
a special reward if he found it. He was
successful, and with much care I dried
the papers and notes in the sun. This
book was rebound. It is out of print now,
so I obtained a duplicate second-hand copy
in England; and I send you my army
copy, thinking that its association with
Henry Camp and my war service may give
you an added interest in it, notwithstanding
its water stains and other signs of service.

A copy of my "Kadesh. Warner" is also
in the package, and a copy each of my
"Teaching and Teachers," and "A Model
Superintendent." You will see that the first-
named book cost me some study; and that

4103 WALNUT ST.
Philadelphia.

The second is an outgrowth of years of
experience. I should indeed be glad of
anything in anyone of these ^{some} ~~some~~ ^{proof}
of service to you. You spoke, in your last
Lesson on Acts, of some lives that were
incomplete in themselves yet were full
of suggestiveness to others, enabling them to
do a better work by their promptings.
I hoped that I might be included in
that class; and I pray daily that
I may be of ^{real} service to you in some
such way.

There are two or three points which
I wish I could talk over with you,
as I cannot write about them satis-
factorily. One of these is the Resurrection
of our Lord, and the other is the Work
of the Holy Spirit. I shall be glad if I
can run over to New York at some time
convenient to you, and have a conference
over these themes. Can you help me ^{and you will not be disturbed}
the correctness of my views, even though they

are not the additional ones.

Enjoy your friend

Henry M. ...

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS

1131 Walnut St., Philadelphia

July 20, 1892.

My dear Friend:

I am glad that our letters passed each other on the way; for thereby each shows the prompting of an independent loving thought. And I do thank you with all my heart for the words you have written, and for the place you accord me.

It is a comforting thought to me that He whose I am, and He whom I serve, will carry on to completion the best of my purposes, ^{will make available for good} and the best of my experiences, in lives that are better and nobler than mine, and

that shall, by His grace, achieve
a grander work than I dared
dream of. I thank you for the
application of that truth of my
sermon to my loving friendship,
for you and Miss Bailey.

Indeed you are both dear
one as if you were my own chil-
dren; and you have entered
into my very life - for always.

Does Miss Bailey see the
Sunday School Times regularly?
If not I should be glad to send
it to her. I promised to send her
a slip from a back number, which
I shall forward as soon as I can
find it.

I forgot to mention that the
copy of "A Model Superintendent"
which I sent to you was a "large
paper edition" prepared for the
family. The popular edition is of
smaller size. And the copy of
"Richard Barrow" was one of a few I

had "extra round" for my own
satisfaction. I wanted you to
have the best. With heartiest
greetings to Miss Bailey, I am

Truly your friend

W. H. Emmons

4103 WALNUT ST.
Philadelphia.

July 26 1871

My dear Spear:

I cannot tell you how much good your letter, in acknowledgment of these books, and of my words which accompanied them, did me. Yet I want to say something to you in recognizing that good; for it has been very, much to me. I have read your letter over and over again, and each time with new interest and new gratitude.

I discovered you the other night. I thought I called at your office unexpectedly to you, while you were engaged with others. I stood in the doorway, and looked up, and seeing me you gave the old Northfield look as across the dining room - and my heart was thrilled by it as

always. When I waked in the morning my first words were; "Dear Lord, I thank thee for dear Peter's love."

All this may seem strange to you, and I want to write an explanation of it; for I think you can understand my explanation, as another could not.

You say you do not understand how I have come to love you so, yet you feel that it is of the Master, and again you feel that it has come about through dear Peter. You are right in both thoughts, and I am sure you will value my love the more when you know more of its origin and growth.

Peter has been dear to me as a son from his childhood, and I have counted him as a charge from the Lord, ^{for whom I must do all I could.} For years I have known of you through him, and I learned ^{love} of you to know and adore you as my very near and very dear to my Saviour.

When I saw you I came to love
you for your own sake, but I felt
that you did not like me and
that you could not. That however
could not lessen my ^{own desire to help you!} love for you.
I realized that I felt, as I felt,
that you were more of a blessing
spiritually to him than I could ^{ever},
and it seemed to me that he and
you must draw more and more
away from me as you gained in
oneness with Christ. I would not
have ^{had} his otherwise for his sake and
yours; but I proved that, for my
sake it must be so.

You know something of what
I feel as to the younger generation
in Christ. We ^{are} are of the John the
Baptist dispensation may have
done well in our day, but even the
best of you ⁱⁿ the new age are
greater than those who went before
you, God having provided some
"better thing for you." This phrase
thought unfed all my feelings.

When you were considering
the question of leaving Shields,
I had the privilege of showing my
sympathy with you. Sam wrote me
and asked my prayer in your
behalf. Since then I have prayed
for ^{you} more tenderly and loved you
more dearly. For telling me so
early of your engagement, and re-
mitting me to write my congratu-
lations to Miss Bailey, showed me
that you valued my friendship
and that you recognized my living
interest in you personally.

And then came our therapeutic
experiences. I came to know you
far better than before, and to love
you far more dearly. When ^{on} that
last evening, at the Woods Cottage
you asked me to sit by you, and
then told me that you and Miss
Bailey had learned to love me
as you had come to know me, you
cheered my heart, and strengthen-
ed my soul, more than you can ever
know, and oh, how I ache I was!

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Philadelphia.

I feel now that I can help
Sailer far more by helping you
than I could by working for
him directly, and that, by
God's grace, I can keep
with you as you lead him
onward and upward. I am
so glad that this is so.

But there is another side
to me, ^{friendship} which affects me more
directly, and through me affects
our dear Master's work. And
I know that you will have joy
in the thought of this when you
understand it.

I am set to an important
work in my editorial life and
in my personal ministry to
souls. Even at Westfield I had
assurances of God's sending me

days to me to Christ's love - and
in India, in Africa, in Italy, in
Turkey, and in England and America.
The work is not yet ended, and
I have need of strength and cheer
for its continuance. Christ's grace
is sufficient for me, but his grace
^{often} comes to those who are in the flesh
through human channels.

There is a beautiful lesson in
the scene in Gethsemane. Jesus
longed for human sympathy in his
suffering. He wanted some one to
watch ^{with} him. And when no friend but
the best earthly friend he had could
not keep awake one hour to help
him, he felt a sense of loneliness,
and since then he has seen to it
that no follower of his should be
alone, ^{in his sorrow and trial,} without - a sympathetic
helper in his need. He comes him-
self to give comfort, and he sends
those who can represent him, with
human sympathy and cheer.

I pray reverently that I have
had my brethren and during the past

year. In the loss of my loved wife,
in the debility and alarming
sickness of my son in law and
her, and in a sense of growing
weakness and lack for my work,
as well as in ^{yet other} severe trials of
heart and soul, I have been
tormented with sorrow, and have
depressed beyond measure.

You have been sent to me,
to do a work for me that no one
else on earth could have done.
Your ways and words within
the past two months have given
me life and hope according to
my need, and according to my dear
Lord's love for me. I am more
grateful than I can tell; and
I know that you will be glad that
you are used of Christ in this
ministry. You can never be sure
that you have poured forth of
your own life in the printing of
the ^{or} unshrinkingly.

You will not count these words
of mine as words of mere feeling, but

as words of truth and life. They
mean much to me, and I am
sure they will mean much to you.
Life in Christ is a reality. Ex-
pressions of it are one in the L. We also
are His are members one of anoth-
er. In giving me of your life in
love you are giving of Christ and
for Christ, and you are all the
richer for my good ^{through} you.

I believe I shall do more for
Christ, and shall do it better,
than would have been possible
but for your ministry of love.
If meanwhile I can do anything
for you, or for yours, it will be
a joy to me; and when all is
made clear at His coming, you
will see that in doing so much
for me you have but manifested
His likeness, and been an expression
of His love.

I think you will read below
the lines in much of my professed
writing now. I wrote an editorial
last week, after receiving your
letter, on "Fidelity in Friendship," that

I think will interest you, and per-
haps Miss Bailey also. It is on
a point not touched in my work.
One phase of it was suggested by
Sailer's friend Mr. Will Harris
and you. And the closing thought
is of my own heart, just now.
It will probably appear in next
week's paper.

I hope I shall not tire you by
these long letters of so peculiar a kind.
So I don't feel called on to write an
answer. I can feel your loving reso-
lance, and I shall be grateful
for it. You can do most for me
by being your own self, and by
doing for others in Christ. And
all the while you are doing very
much for me, and I am more
and more lovingly your friend,

Wm Lloyd Garrison

P.S. I have spoken so much of what you
are doing for me, that I have seemed to
omit of what I want to do for you. My
whole thought originally for you, for Sailer,
was of making out a scheme and lines of special

study and the help available for you, and I
would gladly serve you in this way to the extent
of my ability. Not that I could teach you, but
I would help you in your thinking, and that I
would fairly lay all this before you for your exam-
ination, and if you desire it, I will as you
might prefer. So please understand my dear friend,
that when you can call upon me for any service
you are really serving me by so doing. And you
are making me glad when you are taking
my very life for your better use, and I am
capable of except through you.

Phil[?] Aug. 10, 1890[?] 2
Wednesday.

Dear, dear Speer:

I wish I could tell you how much I enjoyed my visit to "Inglewade", yet I cannot, but still I must try. The very outreaching effort is a pleasure, whether you get any fresh comprehension of my feelings or not.

From the moment "you two" met me at Downington, to the last of the pleasant moments of waiting with you two at the same station, my visit was everyway and thoroughly delightful. I came back with not only a gladder heart but with more of life than I came to you, and I want to thank you both for the part you bore, as the dear Master's messengers of good to me.

I am so glad to have known Miss Bailey's home and her parents as I was privileged to, and the memory of my first welcome there, and of that family meal, and of that pleasant drive.

and of those hours on the piazza, and of that precious season of morning worship as led to you, and by my interview with you at the piazza, and of the hour's reading and converse in the library, and of all else that made up that visit, is with me as a life possession and a life treasure. I thank God for it all; and I thank you too - you two.

You told me again, as we drove to the station, that you two came to be one over my D'Alembert's book, and that as I was in a sense linked with you, and was a link between you, at the beginning of your new life. This in itself would repay me for all of the life I had poured into and through that book; and I love to think now, it was in the dear Master's plan, as I was being fitted for that writing and as I wrote.

And oh how glad I am that you two recognize and welcome this connection of my very self with your new undivided life of love. You told me that even "four should not be a crowd"; and that I should "not be shut out" from the sphere of your new life ^{together} in Christ. And I can believe that this is true, because

I know you as you are, and am sure
that you will never wish to part with
this sacred linking of myself with you
at the opening of this ^{limitless} sphere of your
existence. And the blessing of this
conviction is with me by day and
night, and shall be all through
my life. God be praised for it!

You are both very good to give
me such a place in your thoughts
and affections, and I do hope and
pray that I can be a means of
joy and of good to you in some way,
in many ways. I shall strive to
this end. God helps me to it!

I send you herewith a copy of
that photograph which Charles took
at Northfield. I would give a hun-
dred dollars for a copy of one that
should ^{show} me the look on the leader's
face in that Bible class as I saw
it there, and as I have it in memory
to-day.

I send also a copy of an Editorial
written some time ago, as I told you.
Some of its thoughts may be repetitions
of what I have written elsewhere; but I

am sure that it will have an interest
to both of you, even if for no other reason
than because I wrote it, and had an
interest in its writing.

The Editorial in this week's paper, on
"The Breadth and Length, The Heights and
Depth" is by Professor Thompson. You will
be pleased with it for its thoughts,
sake. The first three and the sixth of
the Editorial Notes are mine; as are the
Notes on Open Letters.

The thought of the plan of study of our
dear Lord's life is with me. I greatly
enjoyed going over it with you. I wish
I could be one of the class, to hear
its teaching this winter.

Do not feel called to write an
answer to this letter. I just had
to write it. And dear Speer, if only
I can serve or help you in any
way at any time - you or yours -
know that it will give me joy to do so.
And the other of "you two" will know
that she is included in this loving
wish of

Yours lovingly,
H. Gray, Drumball

4103 WALNUT ST.
Philadelphia.

Aug. 10, 1892
Wednesday Eve

My very dear Sister:

I'm always forgetting something, or rather I'm always having supplemental thoughts to add to those that I've given out already. And now I want to add "a woman's postscript" to my warm welcome to you.

In the first place, about that visit of yours to Philadelphia in September! I thought you would feel that you must be with Sailer, so I would not press my welcome on you. But he is not to be back until after the middle of September, and if your date is earlier than that, won't you come to my home? I should count a visit from you a real blessing, and should joy in it, and be grateful for it. Do come if you can, and stay as long as you can.

In the second place, I did not say as much as I should have said about that outline of Bible lessons on the Life of our Lord. I am de-

lighted with the plan. It is the best I ever
saw or heard of. It is fresh and timely and
most important. I spoke of it with enthusiasm
to Professor Thompson, ^{at day} and he also is delighted
with the idea. I am sure you were led by
the Committee in just that phase of work.

If that photograph does not reach you in
good condition, let me know, and I will send
another either protected.

Yours very lovingly

Wm. Brewster

Phil? . Aug. 12, 1892.
Friday Evn.

My dear Beer:

The only thing that hinders me from writing to you as often as I want to, is the fear that I shall lay on you a burden of replying. And now I want to know if you want allow me the privilege of writing to you whenever I please, without the feeling on your part that you must answer, or acknowledge, every letter? I am really in earnest in this request, and I hope you will grant it as a favor to me.

You have come into my very life, or I have opened my very life into yours, and I am constantly impelled to an outpouring of myself toward you. Something that I read, or remember, or think, seems to me to have its value to you or for you; and at once I want to write and say so. But - I could not do this freely if I felt that I was burdening you with a sense of duty to reply to me, as if I were a mere "correspondent". So if you will just take the letters as they come, and use them as you may, and will write

back again only at times, & your own
convenience, and of your own prompt-
ness, & of the times of my writ-
ing, I shall be so glad, and so much
pleas'd in my writing.

Use my letters as I use my letters
from subscribers and readers generally.
If anything is worth preserving for
immediate use or for pigeon-holing,
pick it out for that purpose, and let
the rest go into the "waste basket".

I am beginning this letter in the
hope of getting it to you before you at-
tempt any reply to me either by or
at "Engle-side", so that it shall count
in with them for future mentioning at
all.

You asked me if all of the poetry in
"The Disciples" was as good as "Ugo & Basi's
Sermon"; I answered "hardly so." Yet there
are some lovely passages in it, and I
am glad to send you a copy of the book herewith.
And I just want to call attention
to a few of these passages.

And first let me say that you have
so reminded me of Ugo & Basi that I
give you his name in my heart, and fre-
quently call you by that name silently.
And the reason for this will be seen by
reading from pages 32 & 34, in "The Disciples".

You will never know in this life how much you did for me through your loving and tender and Christ-like looks across the dining room in Northfield. I see more in the expression, or through the expression, of faces than most men see. It has been my life study. Yet I never saw as much in, or through, any man's expression of face as I have seen in yours. And I was in peculiar need, need that Christ saw and pitied me for, and you met that need; and oh how I love you for it!

The writer of "The Disciples" was starving, and was perished, and was nigh to death, and Ugo Bossi brought light and comfort to him by his ministry of look and deed. The face of Ugo Bossi bore the look of Christ, because he was Christ's, and because Christ sent him to look that look. And the one who was helped by it loved that face because of what it witnessed for Christ. (pp. 50, 51)

"The quiet happy face that lighted up
As from a sunshine in the breast within;
Rejoicing whosoever looked on it,
But far more whosoever it looked on"

I am so glad you would like this book; and I think you will have a new interest in it now.

You don't know what a pleasure it is to
give you a book that you want, or that you can
have a use for. So I am glad to send "The Disciples,"
with the "Poems" of "B. M." It thrills me with
a keen pleasure to think that in any
way I can have a part in making
your studies or life more effective for good.

In some of my recent "Illustrative Appli-
cations" - on lessons not yet reached in the
calendar - my views of the Holy Spirit's work
are brought out, and I may mark a number
of the paper containing anything of this sort
that I want you to read, lest you should not
see it in your copy.

By the way, that essay on "The Grace of
Tenderness" is in "Ourselves and Others", p. 111.
I knew you were "gentle", before I knew
you so well; but I didn't know you
were ^{so} "tender". Tenderness is so much more
than gentleness.

Are you familiar with that chapter on
"Christ as a Friend" in Stalker's "Imago Christi"?
It is beautiful.

(Saturday, Aug. 13). Again you are ahead of
me. Before I could get this letter off to
you, yours to me has come; and it is
such a precious letter! How good of both
of you to write me as you do. Perhaps if
the one who receives this letter thinks that
the other would like to see it, it can

be passed along for re-reading.

I would like to go over "The Disciples," to mark passages that have interested me; but you will see and know them. There are words about "suffering," in the line of the sermon on the "Vine," that probably appeal to me as they do not yet to you. My experiences have made vivid lessons that are not reached in your reading. But even those lessons, as touched upon in this volume will not be without interest to you. There is a thought in this line at pages 94, 95.

The story of "you two" will not wonder that I dwell so much on what is here said of the face and the look of Ugo Bossi; for it is all said so lovingly and so reverently, and it represents so important a truth. I wrote an Editorial Note on it last evening. You may remember that at Northfield I said I should like ~~me~~ to have your face look down on me with that look when I was dying. It was the idea that is here so many times expressed with reference to Ugo Bossi that I had in mind at the time.

Your two-fold letter is a new ^{and a two-fold} treasure
to me, to be read and we read many times
over. I thank both of you for it. You help
me so much in my daily life and work
by just being what you are, and by letting
me realize that I have a share in your
being and doing; and I know that
you are good enough to be glad ^{that} you will
such a help give.

I count it a privilege to strive
to love you ^{both} even as He who is our com-
mon life loves you - for that is the meas-
ure of loving that He sets for our stand-
ard. And it is ⁱⁿ such unceasing stri-
ving a love that I come

Your friend,

E. F. Lee

P.S. Your yesterday's letter is an
an answer to this, as ^{well as} the letters
that were received before its writing.
You will have too much work on hand,
when you are back at your office, to find
much time for personal writing, and all
that you can find for that will be due a
"single side". But saying for me and being
of great interest in your details; and
I have completed in the matter of that.

Phil^a. Aug. 10, 1892.

My very dear ~~Dear~~:

Yesterday I sent you a copy of Mr. Swain's sermon. To-day I mail you a marked copy of my paper for this week.

Excuse me for sending you these things. My real gift to you is of that original kind that craves the privilege of doing, and I really cannot the day a waste one, if I have it at least tried it to some thing for you.

All I ask on your part is that you will let me love you. The love that I have found you give me in return - no not in return, for there's no bargain about it - is sheer surplusage; and that is an added joy to me. But don't feel that you must write and thank me, or that you must write on any account. You are helping me when you show me I love you just as I do, and you can feel all the while that I am better fitted for my work by the consciousness that I am linked with your very life.

On Friday morning last, the house of Mrs. Sailer, Faven's mother, was broken into. A servant in the next house saw the man entering by a window which he had broken, and she hurried out and found a policeman. It was about

five o'clock in the morning. The police man called
a companion, and the two caught the man
in the room. He had some old drawers and
closets, and was preparing to take away val-
ables. He is in confinement under bail of
\$1000, and is likely to have from three to
five years imprisonment. It was a narrow
escape for the man.

Yours very truly
C. J. Raymond

Phil^a: Aug 23, 1872
Tuesday

My very dear Spear:

You say that I can write you whenever I want to; and I do want to write you to-day, on my own account rather than ^{on} yours; therefore I am going to avail myself of your permission in this matter.

A year ago to-day my dear wife lay dying, and I was catching "pleasings of the vine's glory," while myself in the shadow of a great grief.

This has been a year of trial to me, as well as a year of rich experiences of God's love. It has been hard at times to bear up; but I have risen to my feet, and I joy in the unspeakable love of Christ.

A sense of ^{my} great loss presses on me at this anniversary time; and again I am newly anxious for my son-in-law and partner, Mr. Miller. He has gone to the African States in his brave fight for life; and I am doubtful about the in-

mediate cause of this struggle.

I don't quite see how I could go on in the work that God has set me to, if Mrs. Wattles were taken away. Indeed I don't see how I could live if my wife were taken from me. I do doubt my Father's love as my Father's sympathy; but I do weep and shrink, for I am so human.

There is comfort some in the thought that Jesus could weep, as he stood by a closed grave which he was soon to open. Surely he will not blame us for weeping when we stand by closed graves that we cannot open; even though we are so near it beyond them.

I am trying to speak cheerily to my children in their sorrow, including my daughter, Mrs. Wattles, in her trial of the gibbern; and I give little sign of my weakness. But sometimes I cry out in my sorrow, and I long for your help. Will you bear with me if I come home and speak of my weakness, and ask for your sympathy and your special prayers? I know you will

I can speak to you, as I will rest to any one else in earth; for I am sure that you will be glad to hear me speak to you. It is because I am

that you love me, and that you will
take pleasure in helping me, that
I am encouraged to open my heart
to you in this way.

I do not ask you to write to me. I
ask only, that you will think of me just
now in loving sympathy, and that you will
pray for me that I may bear up, and
press on, and fail not in loving service.
I shall feel your sympathy, and I
shall feel your prayers and I shall
be helped thereby.

The testimony stands in my love for you,
and in my desire of your love for me,
as while you were praying for me on
that first Tuesday evening in North
field. You took me into ^{your} heart at that
time, and my ^{own} heart was melted and
bared into yours in the white heat
that flows of love. I have seen a part
of you, and you have seen a part
of me, ever since - and we shall re-
joice for the consecration help of another
such prayer, and I shall feel it when
you offer the prayer.

14
In spoke, my dear fellow, of our
love that Jesus does not deny that
there is some blessing in "receiving". I do.

lieve
that meet heartily, and I have been moved
to write an editorial note on in-gathering
your words without giving their source
in this week's paper. How many thoughts
you give me, to make useful letters!

I know the blessing of "receiving" in
this friendship. To believe, to trust, to
know that you love me is a help to me all day
long, and "all the days." It cheers me, it
strengthens me; it keeps me alive even
when I might sink in gloom. It is for
this that the dear Master sent you to
me, or sent me to you, or sent us to
each other. And I do thank Him from
my heart of hearts. I hope that I may
be a blessing in giving to you, as I love to
give. I know that I get a blessing in being
loved by you.

I don't know whether you saw my
paper regularly a year ago, or not. An
editorial that I wrote, after my experience
which to-day brings the anniversary, may
interest you because I wrote it; if you had
not seen it at that time. It is entitled, "A
New Heaven and a New Earth." I send
a copy by this mail.

You ask who was the author of the
sunset quoted in "The Grace of Kinder-
ness." I do not remember. I think it
was cut from a newspaper, and by an un-

known writer. His attention was recently
called to a remark on Tenderness in John
Halifax Gentleman. Speaking of the best, loving
way, we say: "It was the first time in my life
I ever knew the meaning of that word, tenderness:
a quality different from kindness,
affectionateness, or reverence; a quality which
can exist only in strong, deep, undermanly
we nature, and therefore in perfection, is
seldom found in women than in men. John Halifax
said it, more than anyone, woman or man
that I ever knew." Do you see, now why
I spare your words toward me, as those of
tenderness? It ^{takes a} strong, deep, undermanly
one - not a gushing or ever free outpouring
nature to be tender.

How glad I am that you can be with
me over Sunday, when you come to Phil.
adelphic! I shall have a rich blessing
in receiving you into my home.

Just as my daughter Alice is away on
trip to the Adirondacks, where Mr. Walker
and my Charlie are. My ^{you} daughter Barbara
is at Elm Summit. Not a young family
member is at home. But all will be well
before you come here. Mr. and Mrs. Howard
are coming in to pass a few days with me.

But don't take time to write an answer
to this. I can feel your tenderness without
hearing from you. I shall look in upon you
within a few days. Wait until you see me
before you respond to this letter. I shall
mean to write to you so soon; but I cannot

lovely and so warm, I couldn't help it,
and you must blame me for this.

God bless you, my very dear friend,
for being so much to me!

Yours ever lovingly
A. J. C. [Signature]

P. S. That "Eggs" in '33. His power
was full of meaning to me, as you will see.
I didn't write this week's editorial. It is by
Professor Stevens, etc.

Phil^a: Aug. 25, 1892.

Thursday Morn

My dear Spear:

I fully expected to be in New York today, and I'm going to tell you why I am not there.

You saw, by my letter of Tuesday, that I was mentally and physically overtaxed. I wrote to you because I must write. Yesterday evening I broke down, and was practically in a state of collapse, with an acute and intense pain in the bowels. Phil Howard and Annie were in the house with me. Phil went for the doctor early, and he came and took hold of me vigorously. I can stand pain fairly well, but this was too much for me. The cold sweat stood all over me for hours, with accompanying chills, and I fairly writhed in agony.

First I took a strong dose of ginger. Then I had hot water bags over me. Then a mustard plaster. Then a dose of ether and Laudanum. Then an enema. Then an enema. Then an enema. Then a ^{strong dose of castor oil} strong dose to quiet the stomach. Finally a hypodermic injection of chloroform - the first I ever consented to in my life. The doctor was afraid of inflammation of the bowels, with peritonitis, from his inability to quiet that pain, and he felt that the hypodermic injection was absolutely neces.

Say. Under the influence of that I fell asleep.

You will believe I am very weak to-day.

I was conscious of my danger, and I thought of you. I was glad I had written you as I had, and I was helped - oh so greatly - by the assurance that you were even then praying for me. It stayed me up in my weakness. I believe that it actually prevented my sinking under the pain. I just leaved my weight on you.

And this morning your good tonic letter is here. It brings tears of joy to my eyes. Oh, you are so good. I am very, very grateful to you.

I have made a desperate effort to get up and try to work; for I live by struggling, and I want to die in that way - when my work is done.

I shall run over to New York to see you, when I can do so. Meanwhile you are doing for me, in what you ^{are} and in what you say, what no one else in the world does do or could do. Your last letter is best of all, and I shall read and re-read it with new help from it at each reading.

Indeed, that "under-father" idea comes home to me. When old Dr. Haines of Hartford died, Dr. Bushnell began his talk in the next ministers' meeting with the words: "For though we have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have we not many fathers." (1 Cor. 4:15.) This put a new meaning into that text - a meaning akin to that which you now give it.

This letter is only by way of explanation and of thanks. It is out of my very heart of hearts.

Yours most lovingly

W. Lloyd Garrison

Thurs. Aug. 20, 1874
Mass. Co.

My very dear Sister:

I have pained so much
today, and I am so desirous of seeing
you, that I think I shall run over to New
York on an early train to-morrow. I shall
probably look in at your office soon after 10 o'clock,
and then shall see if I can have a chat with
you at lunch time! I do not want to take you
away from business - or bother you while at it.

If you do not see this note until a later
hour, and I have missed you because you were
elsewhere at the Lord's call, do not let it dis-
turb you. It will do me good to make an effort
to see you, even if I fail in it. And this is the
only time I have for writing.

Yours most lovingly

A. May Brewster

4103 WALNUT ST.
Philadelphia.

Saturday, Aug. 27, 1892.

My very dear Sister:

Your unexpected and doubly welcome letter of yesterday came to me this morning, and it was such a relief to me that I want to tell you about it.

Perhaps my hypodermic of morphine (not of chloroform as I think I told you), on Wednesday night, relieved me on Thursday, but having killed the pain instead of removing it; and I seemed stronger than I was. I planned a visit to New York on Friday, and I bought my ticket, and wrote to you. About 10 P.M., my pain returned, accompanied by great nausea. I stood it for four hours before calling a third time to help me, and I did not until 5 A.M. before sending for the doctor, having had no food meanwhile.

All day yesterday I lay in pain and weakness, doing at times, but unable to make any effort. Sunday, in the morning, I telegraphed to you, in my name, that "removal illness prevents my going to New York to-day"; but then I thought that might disturb your arrangements, so I asked to be left out on the ground of Providence.

As I lay tossing in pain yesterday I was thinking of you, and again and again I stood by your office door to see your face. Then it would come to me in the old Wolfeld book, and I would have resigned the moment.

It was 6 o'clock this morning when I first found refreshing in a real sleep. At 8, I awoke with a sense of relief. This and similar stood at the foot of my bed, and

he said, "Here's a letter ^{for} you from Speer," as if he knew that would prove a love to me. "God be thanked" I said. For the first time in thirty-six hours, the light was let into my room, in order that I might read your letter. I told Phil and Annie to go down and get their breakfast, while I was getting mine. Then I read your loving words, and I had a grateful eye over them. Oh, how good they were!

My dear fellow, you speak of your words as if you saw all you would like to; but your words themselves leave nothing to be desired. They make me wonder over the richness of this blessing, of which I am so unworthy; but it came not for my worth, but for the love. Like all the best blessings, its richness is "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

Do you realize how much you are doing for me now? Do you comprehend the precious blessing you are, as Christ's loving messenger, to me? Nothing in all my experience of His love has ever done this in its tenderness and in its potency; and I am renewedly amazed at, and grateful for it. And His latest letter from you is best of all.

I had been blaming myself this week for writing you such a blue letter on Monday, and for rendering you with my burdens; but I cannot think now that you are sorry I did so; and oh, you have done so much to strengthen me under those burdens. You have given me of your strong life, and I actually live on through your generous self-giving of your self.

I am glad, my dear Speer, that your father's came here to see me, for that would have taken a year's time were it was with me elsewhere; but thank be God, you wanted to come, for that shows me you love for me.

Did you ever read my little essay on "Something better than angels"? It is on page 145, in the volume, "Inspiration and Influences". It fits its truth more forcibly than ever. You are doing more for me this week than a legion of angels could do; and I love you more than I could love them all.

I think of you as the young Elisha, who was
sent to do more for the world, I suppose, than
Elijah than angels could do. Elisha, who could
manage twelve years of age before he began his
most prominent spiritual work, was so much
wiser and better a man than ^{Elijah} and he did
so much greater a work than he. I am not
like Elijah except in his roughness and in his
weakness; but you are better than Elisha in
every way. I feel that my work may
have improved in you in any sense for yours, and
that by word or act or love I may have stimulated
and incited you to better things, and that so my poor
work at its best may be taken up and made complete
in you, how grateful I shall be. And I know that
you will not be sorry that you have done so much
for me in God's plan.

Dear folks, you are as Benjamin's Great Heart
to me, and I love you for what you are, and I so
thank God ^{that} you are what you are. Dear Miss Bailey,
how glad I am that she has such a loving friend
as you are, and that she is to have such a loving
husband as you will be. And how grateful I am
that I can have a corner in your united hearts.

I have risen from my bed to write these words
with trembling hand, and I feel so much more than
I can write; but I must say something.

I don't see how you can be so good, and so
tender and true. Your child isn't so, if you were not so
much like it in whose you are, and who sees you in
love to

His and yours most lovingly,

H. Gay Fremont

4103 WALNUT ST.
Philadelphia.

Aug. 29, 1872
Monday aft.

My very dear and generous friend:

The "old stand"
continues ~~unwell~~ at the old stand; that
is a bed and a rocking chair - between which
I ^{at} ~~private~~ - can be called a "stand".

I told Mr. Wattles, as I wrote to Louis
to-day, that I feel much as a wasp must
when he has been cut in us, and pinned ^{to} ~~to~~
again chemically. I cannot lie comfortably on either
side, or on my neck or face; and sitting up, on either
end, is hardly better. And with all I have a "power-
ful weakness".

As to going out again, I've no ambition in that
line. But the doctor says: this is all right. He thinks
I'm excited & feel as I do; and that I shall feel
better by and by - when I've "done acting".

I have a letter from Sailer at Cologne, dated
August 18. He was on his way to Paris. I am glad
that he and his sister are out of the confining ~~house~~
and are not to return there.

He had received your letter about me, and
he ^{had} heard much from me about you. He says of us: "I
have long believed that you each read much for the
other, and I am most glad to know that beside
a mere sympathetic exchange of thoughts there is real
love between you. I take it as my earnest wish that we
shall be drawn closer together in the future than ever before."

Dear Sailer! He evidently feels that it is to the credit of my judgment and character that I should love you, and that there must be more in me than he has seen, since you can love me. And he is right so far.

I have been telling him of your kindness in my illness. I said that you had actually given me of your own life and if I recover fully, as I expect to, it will be due to your ministry of love - under God.

My regimental reunion occurs near Hartford this week, and I hoped to be present at it, but I must not think of leaving home in my present state of health.

Next week I may hope to see you here. If, however, I shall be to welcome you. If you will let me ^{know} by letter or telegraph, by what train you will come, I will - God willing - meet you at the station.

I am more and more grateful for the love you have given me so unselfishly and so lavishly. I wish I could do more for you than give - as I do - with ever increasing fervency, and with ever accompanying prayer for "you two," my warmest love as

Your devoted friend,

W. Clay Brewster

4103 WALNUT ST.

Phil.: Aug. 31, 1892.

Wednesday (noon)

Dear, dear & dear:

As I grow stronger I grow more loving, and I want to exercise my love this morn-
ing before settling down to steady work in my room
for the day. Indeed my love grows faster than
any other part of me; for as yet I have only
gained enough of physical strength to show me
how weak I have been.

The doctor tells me that my attack was a
result of a peculiar condition of things in the atmos-
phere, to which I was rendered susceptible by my
mental and nervous exhaustion. He was called
out on Monday night to attend two gentlemen with
similar attacks, and there have quite a number of
other ^{and} cases in the vicinity. It may be something akin
to the state of things that causes the cholera trouble
at this time in Europe.

I am joining daily, but it will a some
days, at this rate, before I am able to move about
freely. I began editorial work again yesterday, in
my room; and I hope to keep at it to day. But
first I must say a few words of grateful love
to you; for I am overflowing with such love.

The experiences of the past ten days have
been so unlike anything I have had before, or anything
that I could have anticipated, that I am profoundly
impressed by them; and I pray that I may use
aright their precious lessons. And you have been a main

factor in them all. God bless you!

My letter a year of ten days ago, confessing to my sense of weakness and of need, and asking for your mercy and grace, was unlike me, in one sense, and very like me in another sense. I haven't written such a letter in many a year, and I couldn't have written this ^{now} to anyone else in the world but you. It is strange that I could have come to be willing to write you in this way; and yet it seemed the most natural ^{thing} in the world to do so. I wanted to write so. I was sure I might write so. I felt that you would understand me, and that you would be glad to give me help; and my writing as I did was in itself a proof of my loving trust in you and in your love. But all this was only another phase of this wonderful gift of the dear Master is one of your love! It grows more and more wonderful to me the more I think of it, and yet its very wonderfulness is just like Him, and just like you as His representative.

I didn't think to lay such a burden on you by that letter; but the events that followed it have made me as a dead weight on your strong and loving right arm ever since. And oh, you have been so tender, and so loving, and so helpful, in your ways and words all the time. When I think of what it has cost you, I am in pain, and reproach myself for taxing you so. But when I consider the way in which you have done it, and the love you possess that you have loved to do it, I look up to Him, for whose sake you are doing it, and thank Him with tears, asking Him to bless you for representing His love so lovingly.

1. But it is a mystery to me how you can have understood so fully, and have supplied so abundantly, my every need. Mr. Long used to tell of a visit ^{one} made to one of the worst districts of Dundee in Scotland, address the breakfast table. A woman of weavers life, sat on the edge of the platform at his feet, and looked up into his face with wonder and tears, as he told of the struggles and suffering of such a life as she had lived. Every one in while she

would burst out with the exclamation: "True, mon, true! But how did ye ken it aw'?" Her wonder was that he could know so well, what she thought was all her own. But he had had years of experience in the same line. My wonder is that you can be so tender, and considerate, and sympathetic, and helpful in your loving ways to one like me, without long years of training. And that will continue to be a wonder. ^(what for while I could not see clearly) But it is a blessed wonder!

Gradually your face has come more specifically into my mind, until I can see it now all the time in distinctness; and I hardly have a thought that is not linked with a thought of you. We might have known each other for years, and not have been drawn together in such an intensity of sympathy as the occurrences of the last ten days have made possible. I have been quite in extremity, and you have given me, as it were, of your own life to supply my lack. As long as that life which you have revived continues, (and it shall continue while I, of whom it is, continues) I shall be increasingly grateful to you for what you have done for me.

A story is told of a wounded soldier, dying on one of the battlefields of our Civil War. A Christian Commission delegate visiting the field, leaned over him, asking if he could do anything for him. He knew that he was near death, and he desired only a drink of water, to cool the terrible wound. "Think of such a time. The drink of refreshing water was given, ^{with added words of Christian sympathy.} "Now put my cap over my face, and leave me to die," said the soldier. But as his head was moving away, the delegate's hand was lifted as a signal, and again the water bent over the soldier. "Must you please tell me your name?" was the question. "Certainly," and the name was given. "But who do you ask that?" "So that I may ^{know} whom to thank for all eternity, a cause of your kindness to me." "Dear, dear Jesus, I know whom to thank for all eternity for your kindness to me. I know the Sender, and the sent; and I am so grateful to both."

wisely

I should feel, burdened by a sense of indebtedness to you, were it not that I know that love finds joy in doing; that the heart grows rich in giving; and that "love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice": hence that your loving service is its own sure reward. Did you notice the Third Editorial Note of the second column, in my paper for this week? I wrote that from my own standpoint of privilege in doing for Christ's loved ones; but its greater objective is for you as the greater giver and doer.

Do you recall one of my essays in "Coursives and Other", entitled "Love grows through Service"? I spoke of it now because its truths are ^{so} precious to me just ^{at this} time, in view of my experiences of your love.

This very letter would require explanation, or apology, if it were not that you can understand it, because you are you, and I am I. But it seems almost too good to be true that you are what you are, and that you do as you do.

Please don't let my letters tax you. And don't feel that I need an answer to every one of them. I feel your love as a steady, cheering presence with me all the time; and I am, ^{so} lovingly by grateful.

Your loving words of Monday night reached me yesterday afternoon. They were in a message from him of whom we are fellow members (Jer. 15:16).

Dear Sister, I wish I could tell you how thoroughly I am, in my heart of hearts,

Yours most lovingly,

May Snowball

P.S. I am retaining this letter for awhile, and may add to it as I think of things I want to say. I have been writing Illustrative Applications on the lesson for September 25 (1 Cor 11:20-32). They include my view of the Lord's Supper on the "blood covenant" view. And they are appended to our correspondence and friendships. Do you ever read these "Illustrative Applications". I should like you to see this set. They will appear in next week's paper. And this brings me to a thought that I want to make clear to you. I value exceedingly your perceptions of spiritual truth; and I want to have the personal benefit of them. I am

more of a gamester than you can be ⁱⁿ any of the ^{of} friendships,
for I have greater need, and a better receipt; and I want you
to tell me with the utmost freedom what you deem most ^{valuable}
points or imperfections as I have ^{no} time and at all limits.

I do not now understand me just here. I think I
know your spirit in this case. You seek to be a teacher. You
are looking ^{strongly} for good, rather for ill, in what you love. But you
are yourself taught of the Spirit, and you would be ready
to tell me of what the Spirit has taught you if you felt it
truly warranted in ^{your} heart; and so I tell you that I ^{have}
to know, always.

I couldn't be the friend I am to you, nor count you the
friend of me that I do count you, if I didn't look up to you,
even at the very time that I want to help you, and that I
hope I may help you, and that I feel that my years, varied
experience and study may prove of service to you. The bond
of a genuine friendship is always an upward look; and
mine still is in that direction, as I see you in the line of them
who send you, and whom you represent so lovingly.

As our views have been modified on you in some
lines, and unaltered in others; and I want yet greater
gain through you in all directions. I ask you to be
utterly free in challenging my opinions, or in pointing out
to me truths that I have not seen, or stated, or heard. I
am sure that with your spirit you could not distrust me
in the slightest by any spirit possible to you or difference in
opinion with me; and I am sure that with my feeling, in
words you I could not but be glad to add open for revision or for
new statements the dearest views of my heart or vital
truth. I know that we are members one of another in Christ,
and that he has brought us together to be helpers one of another
in our love and faith; so that there cannot be discord even
when there is temporary difference.

I wrote to Sister, some time ago, of my feeling as to your
attitude toward me on such points; and the statement of the
case I made to him could equally well be reversed, and ap-
plied to my attitude toward you. I had spoken in one letter of
your loving interest ^{shown in certain occasions} in my opinions. He was very ^{kindly} kind
in retalence: I do not understand me as suggesting that I ^{never}
would accept any opinion because it is mine. I only meant to
say that his loving regard for me would cause him to count a con-
viction of mine worth his consideration, nor his adoption but his
consideration, with a favorable disposition to it, or my consent ^{if}
he was considering it. If he found anything worthy of acceptance

he would accept it; if not he would reject it, yet not in-
dignantly. I am as sure of his independence of judgment,
as I am of his fond partiality." And this I think is the way
that each of us goes toward the other. My recent thinking
on some points that I would like to talk over with
you, for my benefit, has caused me to say what I now
dare.

There is no person living of whom I could say, this is
any extent ^{and entirely} correct with the intensity with which I say
it is your and of you.

I have received a letter from Luffin, in a somewhat
miserable copy of my ~~Amendments~~ book, sent to him after our ~~last~~
meeting - where he spoke of having seen it. He would to read the book ^{incidentally} ~~over~~
contingent about it; and he writes with deep interest on the subject. He says he
had been accustomed to say that next to the Bible he had most held on
The Sunday School Times; but now he can no longer say that. "Friendship"
the memoirs of the man who was that place; and he intends to take the work
with him when he returns to Africa, where it will comfort him in many a
lonely hour. There is something very encouraging to me in the fact that
you and Luffin - whom Sailes was accustomed to speak of as his intimates -
have found something to value in the ideals and definitions which I have
been striving to give - although as far off the thought is as a beckoning of
the dear Master to me, in my unworthiness.

I have just written an additional note on "Friendship
in Canaan", with a resolution in it from your last letter to me. "You
cannot do it for me" "I do much more for me" "I will do ever
be able to do anything for you?" Ask to pay you back for your love
and service; for such gifts of God as mine possess as gifts; but to
careen to do for you as I wish I could give something to you
from me, while I am receiving so much and so Christ-fully.

These paragraphs are selected from mine to mine. Since
writing the foregoing I have walked out of doors for the first time.
I walked only a few rods, lost my breath, and I was surprised
to find that walking was so light with an operation. I hope I get ac-
customed to it again, after a season. I have since written
some more editorial notes, and I have felt your help in them.
I judge that the "voice" that has come out from you is my voice
has not lessened your efficiency in your own sphere in any way,
and I have no fear that it is so. But I am very grateful for
your help, and I am

Tuesday 1/4

T.H.

M.B.

The kind writing demands an explanation and an apology. Ordinarily I write a manuscript and it will be 5, 6, or 7 pages in your opinion as I grow immersed in things or feelings, does the size of my writing diminish. The "composition" in the printing office reduces the amount of things put into an editorial, or other work of mine, by the day, into letters. So on I write to you, my writing certainly becomes ^{smaller and} finer as to be almost unrecognizable! If I loved you as intensely, I could tell you so with a vigorous hand, but not with so big a heart - or with so much passion in my heart. Will you read with this anxiety of your loving friend

O.L.S.

Just as I was to mail this patchwork letter, yours of last evening reached me. I must say a few words in response to it before sending this. Dear Sister, I do not overestimate or overlove you. But love for you is not for you a vainness, either unbecoming or excessive. It is for your own self as you are, ^{in your former personality,} with all your aspirations and your weaknesses, faults and possibilities. I love you, Sister. I should love you if you had not made such progress as you have made. I shall love ^{you} where you have made far greater progress. I would love you even though you should slip back - as you will not. Yet since I came to love you for your own self, or as your own self, I have found few joys as ^{much} great as to write to you as I expected it might - as I have mentioned in this ^{very} letter. It is the surprises you are giving me in your way of loving me - even beyond anything that I looked for, that increasing my love all the time, and that makes me love you more and more.

I am so glad you are at work on these Studies in Acts. I shall be deeply interested in them, as I shall be now in any thing and every thing you do.

I send you by mail two copies of our two numbers of Seabrook. In the last of them you will have a special interest. I shall send one to Miss Bailey. Please call on me for as many copies as you can use to advantage.

I am glad you are not discouraged by our return from the concern in which you have invested so heavily. Your loving words are a great help to me.

Now please don't answer this letter or acknowledge ^{the} letter until next week. Put your spare time

in the Standard in Detroit and I shall be sure to see you
while you are in my room in the house

Your gratefully loving friend
H. G. [unclear]

Phil. Sunday, Sept. 4, 1892

Sept. 4, 1892

My very dear & peer:

I have been out to church, and have taught my Bible class once more; and I feel very tired - so tired that I must take a rest in a talk with you.

When you wrote in your last letter about your fear that I was seeing things in you that were not there, and your dread of the time when I should discover my mistake, has been much on my mind the last two or three days, and I would say something more about it, in addition to my hurried note at the close of the letter I was just sending to you. Your fear is a natural one. It is inevitable in such a friendship as ours. But the danger you shrink from is imaginary in this case, and I want to make it clear to you that this is so.

Lucy Larcom has a pretty poem in the line of your thought:

"I'm praised for her touch one day;
But, who know her rest, can say
That to hurry her words were
To mock the meaning of her will.
An arrow is in - sweetest - & near
Its mark in speech, when most sincere;
And, as her heart deep, I knew
She did not aim at being true."

Less easily could she endure
What aye you breathed, - "She is so pure!"
The earthiness of earth is even,
The soil the dearest lands we touch.
Dust clings and stains the whitest crops,
Sin cleaves even to our noblest things;
None taintless is; yet aye I seek
The unmet prayer was, - a pure.

"But when 'So good' you said a day,
What - adding memories did you shew
Of snatched possibilities,
Results becalmed on stagnant seas,
Seeds of all virtues idly sown,
And left unended and unshown!
Well of herself she understood
How fitfully she strove towards good.

"Ah, pitiful indeed is praise
To one who lives beneath the gaze
Of conscience, sets her All-Seeing eye
Through allowance, deed, and motive pry!
Painful enough to word - to name
Answered by acquiescence to shame!
Who knows himself can nothing boast;
But they who praise us pain us most!"

Dear I do not mean to praise you ^{dear Sir,} for any
attainment, or for any way we have.
I do not pass upon you objectively. I do not
estimate you judiciously or critically. I simply
joy in a general, sympathetic sense. Those
things, which appeal to all that is best in my deepest
nature, and stimulate that which is purest and
noblest in my highest aspirations. I did not come
to be your friend through any process of reasoning. It
was my real self loving your real self that
made me your friend; and while you are yourself and

I am sure, I must be your friend, loving you more
and more as I gain the power of greater better things
through loving.

It is not easy to define the nature or
the bond of a true friendship; for the best
things are always indefinable. But I have
sometimes been helped in my mind by a
figure of speech, and I have never seen into
writing, so far as I remember, it magnet will
draw a bit of steel to itself. It will not draw
an atom of clay. If you could suppose these
things to be sensible, the magnet would not
be comparing the qualities of clay and steel,
and deciding to choose the steel and reject
the clay; but because the clay is clay, and
the steel is steel, and the magnet is a magnet,
when the magnet approaches the clay, neither
magnet nor clay feels any drawing toward
the other. On the other, when the magnet approaches
the steel, the two are drawn toward each other,
and they leap together as it were, and the
one is fast to the other. If when once attached to
each other in this way, either should make a
new discovery of the other's qualities, it would
not sever the bond of attachment; for that bond
is not one of knowledge but of nature.

Just what we mean by the "nature" of one
who is a friend, it is not easy to say; but it
is akin to that truest personality which can
live in Christ power, and which Christ per-
ceives and lays hold on when he draws us
to himself.

We are responsible for the nature that draws
us to a friend, or that draws him to us. But having

evidenced this nature on such an occasion,
the result in the continuance of the friendship
is a matter of course.

I am not speaking of any fancy of the
mind or heart, that is of the surface and
for the time being; but I am speaking of
a friendship that is one's whole being; that
is of one's very self; and that in the nature
of things, must be "changeless in change".

In the case of my friendship for you
did not come of my knowledge of your ^{virtue} ^{character},
character, and of your ^{unlike} ^{Christian} ^{likeness} of
spirit. I loved and admired you. But
I was not your ^{truly} devoted friend. All
the experiences of my life, and all the elements
of my nature, went to the making up of my
personality, as I knew you and came closer to
and you. All the experiences of your life, and
all the elements of your nature went to the
making up of your true personality. At
Northfield, when you were praying for me so
tenderly on that Tuesday evening in Stone Hall,
the steel that is mingled with the clay in my
nature came so near to your whistling that
that I leaped toward you and struck fast.
And now so long as my nature is my nature
and your nature is your nature I shall stick
there. No discoveries that I can make will
affect that out of all others, save as each
fresh disclosure of your true self increases
my love for you.

This friendship was not a thing of my choice; it
was of God's planning. Primarily it selected me with
a strong desire to help and serve you. I had no thought
of personal joy in it. I loved you so that I wanted

to do something for you; I wanted to do every thing
for you that I could do. If you had not been here,
I should have kept on loving you. I did not
believe things would change! It was I dreamed.
He gave me your love letter; and now I am praising
him in my heart all the time, like that little son
shepherd boy on that first Christmas morning.

So you must not have any fear that I shall
find anything out that make me less joyfully
your loving friend!

Friendship is not blind, ^{and loving} not as it is unselfish
it is not looking for faults, and it is looking at lovable
traits. And the faults that it notes it notes only in
the past: the loved one. So one would say before
as having: "In friendship, we see only those faults
which may be prejudicial to our friends; while in ^{loving}
love we discern no faults but those by which we ourselves
suffer."

If I should see anything in you which might
be bettered for your welfare and progress, I should have
more interest in its bettering than even you would
have. And I know that you ^{also} would want me to be at
my best; therefore I asked you to point out things in
which I could improve.

It delighted me to hear Mrs. Bailey say over
the fear that she could not help you in your life as you
appear to be helped, when I expressed my satisfaction that
you had chosen her as your helper. When I spoke of your
"Living Administration" to her she never seemed to think I
could overestimate her; but when I spoke of her with
reference to you, her fear was that she could not be suf-
ficient to your needs and desires. This showed true friend-
ship-love - God bless her!

It proves to me that my friendship for you is of more
best value when I find - as I do all the time - that it
appeals to and stimulates all that is best in me. I am
conscious of higher aspirations and of more earnest endeavors

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Sept. 8. 1892.

Thursday, Sept 2nd

Dear, dear Speer.

If you do not satisfy yourself with your letters, you abundantly satisfy me; and I have such confidence in your love for me, that I am sure you would rather satisfy me than yourself, in this letter writing.

I thought I should have a letter from you this afternoon, when I woke this morning. Your letters have usually been written in the evening, and mailed in the morning, so as to reach me about 6 P.M. I was not feeling well this morning; for I am not yet ^{as} strong as usual, and I had not had a good night. As I dressed, I said to myself, "Oh about ten hours I shall have a letter from dear Speer."

and I had joy in the anticipation. Going
down stairs in my weakers, I came
to the breakfast table, and there was a
letter from you: I uttered a cry of
delight. It seemed as if new life was
in my veins. Oh, how glad I was! I
don't quite know how many times I've
read that letter over, or how many -
more times I shall do so. If you did
know, and could realize the joy I've
had through this ^{one} letter from you, I think
you would be satisfied that I'm satis-
fied.

A little thing showed me how my
love for you has possessed my very being.
I was reading a newspaper sketch of
Daniel Dougherty, the eloquent lawyer, who
has just died. It was mentioned that
one of the most eloquent speeches of his
life was in the nomination of General
Hancock for the presidency. He was
in the convention only as a visitor, not
thinking of bearing a part in it, when
he was told by the Pennsylvania delegation
that he was desired to present Gen. Hancock's
name, and that W. Milton Speer would
yield him his seat as a delegate, in order
that he might do so. As I came upon your de-

father's name my whole frame thrilled
as if by an electric current, and I saw
a new law dear to me and all who are
dear to me. I knew Mr. Wright and
General Hancock personally, and was in
very pleasant relations to both of them;
but they were not in my heart's heart
as are you and yours for a long time.

Yesterday my daughter Alice brought
me a circular that had been sent
to her as secretary of the Walnut Street
Church "G. P. S. C. E.," and that contained
an appeal for missions signed by you. She
knew I would have a living interest in
that, and I had.

So next Saturday is your birthday!
And it is the anniversary - the thirtieth -
of my ordination as an army chaplain.
And it is the day - to be ever remembered
by me - of your first coming into my home
as your home. A three fold cord that is
not easily broken, will bind us anew to
each other and to that day.

Of course you will want to go to
"Hyleside" on Saturday, and I wouldn't
hurry you away from there for an hour.
But when you do come here I shall want
to meet you at the station, not because you

couldn't find your way down house with-
out me; but because I don't want you
to try. Those odd minutes with you
are so precious close! I've been count-
ing the days to them, and now I'm
counting the hours.

Of course you understand that if there
is anything in any of my letters which
that might interest dear Miss & Daisy,
you are entirely free to show them to
her. I have her with you in my loving
thoughts and prayers; and I am ever
and

Your friend most lovingly,

J. L. Franklin

P. S. I thought from some phrases in
your letter, that you had already read
my editorial on Repression and Expression.

With the loving
deeds of
I hope & you - P. B. G.

With the warmest love

of
H. H. Clay Fremont.

Sept. 10/
72.

5103 Walnut Street.

With many thanks
return of the day.

~~Miss~~ Katherine G. Trumbull.

September tenth -

1102 Walnut Street.

With the most cordial wishes
Mrs. L.

Miss Alice Gallaudet Trumbull

10 September, 1876.

113 Walnut Street

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Sept. 12 1892.

My dear Emma:

I must have the privilege of telling you about dear Rob's visit to my home - his home, your home also. I told him I must do this; for while he could - and I knew ^{he} would - tell you of the pleasure he had in it, he couldn't tell you and he wouldn't try to. How much pleasure he gave to me and mine, and how much of a blessing he was to all of us; yet I knew that you would like to know of this, and I certainly would like to tell you.

I expected to enjoy his visit, but it was far more of an enjoyment to me than I anticipated.

It was such a delight to me to see his face across my table, instead of having to strain my eyes up to Northfield to see it in memory. And all my family shared in my delight. Even the family servants who waited on the table in the dining room felt the influence of his presence with us. My home will be richer in memories because of this first visit of his; and I trust it will gain in such riches, as that visit is repeated and re-duplicated in the future.

But oh, the influence and the power of his public ministrations for the dear Master! His sermon of yesterday morning transcended anything I had ever heard from him, and everything I had ever heard from mortal lips! It surprised and overwhelmed me. I was quite broken down by it. I went to the church with him with the feeling that I should be

lovingly proud of him; but when he began to preach, there was no thought in me of pride of anything. I was bowed in humility before the truths that he declared and exemplified. Before he finished I could only cry out in heart, "Depart from me; ~~because~~ ^{for} I am a sinful man, O Lord."

It didn't seem to me that I had any right to preach or to write ^{any more} for I was so far below the standard he held up before me in word and in example. I could understand as never before why you are afraid that you shall not be all to him that he deserves and needs; although I have no fear for you in this score. I know that God will make you a helper of his faith and his joy, and ^{that you} will have a blessing in being a blessing. But for myself I could not see how I could be of any service to you - and my dear ^{Bob}

My daughter, Mrs. Field, came up ^{to me} at the close of the service, and said, with tearful eyes, "O Papa! wasn't that wonderful! I never heard anything like it, and I don't expect to again, until I get to heaven." A gentleman who had never heard him before said true. "It seemed as if he were inspired." "Well he was," I answered, and many of us realized this. On all hands the impress of his words, and of his personality was felt most markedly.

This afternoon sermon was also a most impressive one; although those of us who had heard the morning sermon were not yet over the oppressive surprise of it.

But oh, what a joy to me was the privilege of my personal communion with him! How grateful I am to the dear Master for this blessing, which is so much gone! My home will never be what it was before he came to it; in that it will henceforth, be so much more

to me. And if I am not a better man, it will not be because of lack of inducements and of aspirations to a worthier life and a nobler being.

All my children love dear Rob, and they will love you as they come to know you. Those who do know you do love you. And I am thinking now that I never really loved him as I ought to before this visit of his to me.

I pray that God will somehow make me a help to dear Rob and to you, as his and your loving friend and devoted father-in-law,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

4103 WALNUT ST.
Philadelphia.

Sept. 12, 1892.

Morning.

My dear Emma:

Since writing to you this morning, I have received your good letter of yesterday, and I want to write again, lest you should think I had received that letter before writing mine.

In the first place, as to these daughters of mine to whom you send greetings, and "ask if you cannot send love. They all love you, and will be very glad, have you count them as sisters. "Miss Turnbull" is Alice, and would like you to call her so. "Mrs. Howard" is Annie, and it would please her to be known by your best name. Then here is Sophy Wallis, and ^{there is} May Field, ^{born of} whom you met on Friday, and there is Katharine at home, youngest of the flock. Charby you met at Northfield. All of them would be only too glad to have you look at them as they already look at you. The bond that binds me to you and Rob is a very real one, and it brings all of mine in with me.

There are so many things that I didn't say, about dear Bob's visit with me, but that I wish I could tell you, if I had time to write on endlessly.

My little grandson, Sam Child, is about eight years old. He was at church yesterday morning. Although he could not follow the ~~words~~ of Bob's sermon, he was impressed by his appearance and manner, and by the ~~power~~ of his discourse. As he sat at our home dinner table, he was evidently thinking of it, and he spoke out: "I liked that man. He doesn't forget anything he wants to say." Wasn't that a discrimination and a hearty comment on the preaching?

I spoke of our visiting maid being impressed by Bob. She had not spoken of it then, but I saw it, and noted it. This evening Alice tells me of a talk she had with her on the subject a day; I am sure you will be interested in it. This girl is an exceptionally bright one, and is of excellent spirit and character. She has been with us nearly ten years, and her ~~presence~~ in our dining room, with a large number of guests there from time to time, has made her very observant. Moreover her very life is bound up in our family life.

"Miss Alice," she said, "I never saw such a face as that Mr. Spear's. Anybody could see he was a good man. And he's one who talks with his eyes. He doesn't say much, but a few

would you ever mean more than a few
many more words from another man." Then
she asked if his father and mother were
living. On being told that they were not,
she said, "I knew so. When he saw those
birthday packages by his plate Saturday
evening, I saw by his look that he was think-
ing of his home, and that he, father and
mother were dead. I never saw a man
ray so much with his eyes. I was real
sorry for him then." And she had much
more to say, in the same strain. I am
sure you will feel that this was an appre-
ciative tribute to your dear Rob's - my dear
Rob's able-ness and worth. Oh! what
a dear boy he is!

A lady who heard him yesterday after
stopped me on Chestnut Street today,
saying, "Dr. Turnbull, do tell me something
about that Mr. Spier. It seems to me that
he is the most remarkable man in the Presby-
terian Church; and there must be a great
future before him." - then I poured forth ^{with} my
estimate of him; in all the heatiness of my
warmest nature. Rob wasn't there to check
me, and you wouldn't have checked me if
you had been there.

You won't tire of my praises of him, or
my reports of the honest praises of him by
others, will you? I know you won't.

I am so glad you felt free to tell me of
your disappointment in Rob's inability to
visit my wife on Saturday. I think I did
understand you. I was really very sorry
for you, and I wanted you to know it.

I thank you for your kind confidence in
me. I wish I could be of more service to
you and Rob. Love and prayer and effort
shall not be lacking to this end on the part

of

our loving father in love,

Wm. C. Brewster

Form No. 1.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

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12/5

RECEIVED at the WESTERN UNION BUILDING, 195 Broadway, N. Y. *Sept 17* 1892

Dated *Thurs Sept 17*

To *Root & Spear,*

*Foreign Missionary
Rooms 53 - 5th Ave*

*My
Loving greetings to you two
I joy in your reunion Philipians first
Chapter third to eleventh verses revised text H. Clay Trumbull*

4103 WALNUT ST.

Sunday, Evening.

My dear, dear, dear Rob:

You were so

good to write me that loving letter on Sunday evening. You are always good; but you were then surpassingly good. You had written me only the evening before, and I had no thought of another letter so soon. But you found an odd minute for a letter to me - perhaps because you did not have to write to Emma, as she was coming toward you - and you improved it for my benefit. I do thank you from the bottom of my heart; and I do love you more than ever.

As I rose soon my knees yesterday morning, when I had been praying for you, and thinking of you very lovingly, I said to myself, "I have a exercise near self-denial in this friendship every day." Does that seem strange to you? "Because," I went

as I say to myself, "I want it with a dear
Rob every day, and I know I ought to, out
of regard to his welfare, and in consequence of our
love - as love - do." Then I went down to break
fast, and then was your dear letter by my plate.
I opened it, and I could not eat or see for
any joy. It brought me almost to my mouth,
and tears into my eyes. I went up stairs
after breakfast to thank God again for your
love, and for your dear self, and ^{to} pray for a
blessing on you and dear Emma.

I was so glad that you told me so many
details, in that letter, and in the one
before it, about your daily life and work.
I am so glad to know what you are doing,
and where. I can think of you better if
I know where you are, and how you are
engaged.

I congratulate you on getting on so well
in your studies in Italy. And I am so glad
that Emma could be with ^{you} yesterday, and I
hope to-day.

I thought of and prayed for you in your
Brooklyn work to-day. I preached in the
morning, and I closed my sermon with your
text. I said to my family - your family, our
family - that I could not preach like dear Rob,
but I believed I should preach the better for dear

Nov. 15th the war, Father was with me at church! He and his mother are well & safely.

I planned ^{for} a whole evening with you by letter; but, just as I was going to begin, my old regimental commander - Gen. Bliss - came in my door, and I now had to give more than two hours to him; and now I have scarcely time to write these few hurried lines to you before the evening mail closes. I hope to write again to-morrow; and I shall be loving you meanwhile more than ever - the "ever" of the past I mean; for I expect to love you still more than this in the future.

Your very loving father-in-law,
W. Gray Fournell

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Sept. 13 1892.

My own very dear Rob:

When I met you Saturday evening I told you that I felt, as Sir Thomas Browne expressed it, that while I loved my friend now as much as it seemed possible to love, yet I presumed a month hence I should think I had never loved him until now, because of the growth of my love.

I find already that I put the time too far ahead of twenty-eight days; for as I thought the matter over yesterday after you left me, it seemed to me I had not really begun to love you until Sunday; so much higher seems the plane of my love-

since your new visit with me.
Shall I ever make an advance on
this love? As I grow through the inspi-
ration and gain of such loving, it may
be that I shall have more ^{power} of loving;
but this I know that while I exist
I shall love you with all my power
of loving any representative of His love,
in whom and from whom is all true
love.

I am a new being since Sunday.
Life is new life to me. My home is
a new home. My room is a new room.
My very heart is a new heart. I wish
I could tell you how much more
I love you, and how much more
your love is to me; but I cannot.
I love ^{the members of} my family ^{all} love you - your
family also. And just here let me
say that I wrote to dear Emma yester-
day, and I told her that she must
call her sisters and brothers-in-love
by their Christian names; and now I
say the same to you, dear Rob. They
will wish it. There is Sophy (Walter), and
May (Field), and Alice, and Annie (Howard).

and Charley, and Katharine, and then
is John Walter, and Robt. Field, and
Phil Howard.

May said to me last night, "Oh,
how I do love him. Rob and I talked
about him last night, and cried over
him, and prayed about him. I never
felt just as about anyone in my
life. And Rob says no one ever helped
him so, and he was never drawn so
to anyone. Want he come again, Papa,
soon? And want you tell him how I
love him?"

Katharine said to May: "Oh,
if I could only hear him every Sun-
day, it seems as if it would be so
easy to live right during the week."

And my Alice says, in quiet
loving earnestness. "It was so good
to have him here! I am so grateful
to God for making him so much
for us all. And I'm so glad, dear
Papa, that he is so much by you."

This morning, as we knelt in
family prayer, and prayed to "our
dear Father - in love, our dear Father of

love," as we named each member of the family circle, asking a blessing on each, we prayed for "dear Rob and Emma." And "you two" are never to be out of our love, as ours in them. Do not fail to think of us as yours, and to come to your own when you can.

Rob Field said to me last evening that he wished he could see you often, for that you could do him good peculiarly. He was so regretful that he took the earlier train by mistake, and he was so glad that he had the few words with you at Trenton. They helped him so. May told me that on Sunday night he said between his ears that he should live a new life for your words and personal influence of Sunday.

I told Emma of the interesting new waiting maid "Sarah" in you. She is a Roman Catholic, a devout and devoted Christian, and quite a remarkable girl in her discernment and attentiveness. She seems to feel with us all that our home has had a new blessing in your presence in it. This morning she

spoke to me of you, as if she knew that I would ^{be} glad of her sense of your goodness. She spoke of the light on your face when you looked at me. "It's not that it's 'beautiful', but it's a holy light, a light from heaven. It seems like the look of one of the holy apostles."

But what I know you will be yet more glad of, is the influence of your visit and of your love on me in my daily work, and in my hourly relations with Him who sent you to me, and who is the word of our love. She ^{is} ^{our} helping me all the day long and all the night through; and oh, how lovingly grateful I am! I want to prove it even though I cannot express it.

Your letters came this morning. They were just yourself - God bless you! I cannot say more.

I sent you a copy of that little book of poems. I copied the remarks on the list of contents on my copy, thinking you might be glad ^{to} ^{know} of a few of the poems that had impressed me. My editorials have had many a quotation from this book.

I had a letter from Parler yesterday. He wrote from London. He spoke again of my words about my love for you. He was so glad of it. When you see him you will give him a better understanding of our relations than I can. I can talk about you to others better than I can talk about my love for you. I came down in the street car this morning between two men who heard you on Sunday. They were a father and son. The father is an elder of the church, a godly man. He said he rarely felt strong enough to come out both morning and afternoon, but he heard you both times on Sunday, and he was so helped by your words and spirit. I felt better prepared for my day's work through my talk about you.

Shall I tire you with this long letter from

Your very loving father - in love!
H. Clay Drumbull

P.S. I gave a letter by you to Professor Cyrus Adler, yesterday. He is an orthodox Jew, a fine scholar, and a man of excellent spirit. He is one of my associates in the Oriental Club here. I send you an old copy of the Sunday School Times containing an article of mine on Jacob's mill. It has a bit of exegesis in it that may seem fresh to you.

I had a lovely letter from dear Emma yesterday. She wrote in such trustful confidence in me as you and her dear father in love. How glad I am that you two will give me this place - or accept it

1892?

4103 WALNUT ST.

Tues. Eve. Sept. 13.

My very dear Rob:

There's one thing
I'm going to quit doing in my letters
to you, and that is suggesting that
I may live on a loving word, or be
evidences of my love; and there is another
thing I'm going to quit doing in my
thoughts, and that is wondering why
you love me, and reproaching me-
self for being so unworthy of your love.

You do love me, I know that. And
no amount of wondering as to the why
of this fact would account for or change
the fact. It is not my loveliness, but your
lovingness, that is the cause of it. And
because you love me and you know
I love to tell you of my love, you will
not live in the sign of my withholding
affection for you.

I've seen no fault in not resting
in this conviction more trustfully, but
perhaps because it has seemed to you

1844.

to be loved that you should "love me, and should like my ways of showing my love for you, I've let these wondering and doubt-
ing worry me. But I'll have done with it now, and will just give myself up to the joy of confidence in your love, which I cannot account for, but which I'm sure,

As a being worthy of your love, there's no hope of that; but your love is a constant when we see a slave, we exult in it; and your love is not based on an estimate of my worth, but is for just me myself, unworthy though I am - and I'll think of your favour, instead of thinking of my lack. It is with this love as with the love of the dear Master. We cannot account for it by anything in ourselves, but we are sure of it while He is what He is. And to trust in the love of it is as much a duty, as joy in the sense of it, on our part.

In looking over my drawer of sermons not before I sat down to write, I came upon a series of dear Henry Camp's letters to me, and I began to read them over. The likeness to you, or yours to him, or the likeness of both of you to the one Ideal, was newly impressed on my mind. I wish I could show these letters to you. His voice

my personal words, of course, I refer
to the unusually Soldier, but I'd like
you to see them. In his case, as in yours,
what he wrote was a joy to me, yet it
made me feel very great lack in com-
parison with his nobleness, and I had
to fall back on the consciousness that
though he was what he was and I was
not I was, he did love me, and he
would love me.

I do want you to be here again
and often, not only in order to see
things that I want you to see, but
that you may be a blessing to those
who are here. Our over and pass
the night, or pass a day, when you
can find the time for it "in the moments
of life". I told you at Angleside that
if letters were none I should not feel
I had a right to ask you to come to
my house; but that was before you
had found that your family in me
lived in my house. Now I should urge
you to come here on the day of this year
over home. My children or family were
being in the night, you would go, your

our home as head-quarters, and then
let your friend and I see what we can
do here. Sailors could join you here.
What sort of case made out?

I've begun this letter after sending
one of you a day - I don't know when
I shall finish it, I must write a
few, even if I read the letters for a reason-
able time, in order to give you time
to do something "between meals". I look-
ed over an old number of The Sunday
School Times a day, for a special reason,
I came upon an editorial note ^{and} mine
that may interest you, as you ^{are} such a
lively worker. To be sure I'm sure
you believe in it.

I feel your influence in my work
more than in any other; and I feel
that I get on in the Christward work.
John Parkinson was over here last evening,
and we were talking of you, ~~and~~ ^{and}
the remarkable effect on me of your ^{teaching}
by word of mouth and example, and of the
influence stored within me to be and to do
better. He spoke ~~of~~ ^{of} your ^{teaching}
and said that my work was being carried
forward as it were by yourself. I told him

4103 WALNUT ST.

that in this case the better illustration was found in his California story of the two men looking up for the top of a very low arch (such I told you at Englishside). I had been looking up as high as I could, but you had begun to look when I left off and was seeing the top. He said that that was a fine application of a story told to a very different purpose. I added that in this case it was neither "joke" nor "reality", but a very real truth; and that since we had joined efforts in looking up, I could see higher than before.

(Wednesday). I have been up to the court this morning, to attend the trial of the young man who broke into Mrs. Sailer's house. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced for five years in prison. When I asked the policeman, who arrested him, if I could see him in prison, he responded, "You ain't going to try to reform him, are you? There ain't much chance

of that." Our fellows are not as hopeful
and tender of us, as our dear Saviour,
are they?

I send you copies of the Scripture rolls
which I use in my house. As I told you,
the "Silent Comforter No. 1" has been turned
by me daily for thirty years. Its pages
are full of precious associations to
me. I had copies of it in all the respec-
tial wards where I ministered in war-
time, and in the provost-guard tent-
where were men under arrest. As I
went my rounds, I would call attention
to the truth of the day in the verses on
the roll. How many sick and
dying eyes I have seen turned
toward those verses, longingly or
gratefully. And all your life through
I have found ever new meanings
in those verses according to my varied
needs and experiences. I gave Seiler
copies of the two rolls. The second one I
have used for ten years or so; and
now as you have seen both of them
in my house, one in my bed room
and one in my library, I want to
send copies to you.

Can you find a place for one or both of them, where your eyes can fall upon them day by day? I should be so glad to feel that I was looking at the same verses that you were reading, every morning. It would give them added value and power in my thoughts.

Dear Rob, your influence over me is so potent all the time, and I am so bound in with your very life, that I think I can feel you when you are thinking of me or praying for me. Years ago I was often with Dr. Lewis Groot of the Gulu Mission. He was a dear good man! He said that when he was up in Vermont, on his first return visit from his field, he found a woman there who had a missionary wrap of the world to help her in her prayers. She knew the ^{names of the} members of each field in which she was interested, and she would read about them in the Missionary Herald, and then pray for them in order, juggling the

world with her specific prayers for
Christ's dear workers.

When he heard this, he said,
it explained a matter to him. At the
laying, or ^{first} testing, of the Atlantic cable
the operator at Newfoundland was
listening at his instrument, but he
could not get a distinct message
from the other shore. There was, how-
ever, a certain thrill from the wire
as if someone were trying to com-
municate with him; and afterwards
he learned that that was caused
by the effort of the operator, on the
British end of the wire, to speak with
him.

"When I heard this," said Dr.
Groot, "I understood how it was
when, on more than one occasion,
I was sore-pressed in my Zulu field,
I felt a peculiar thrill of helpful
sympathy and cheer without know-
ing what occasioned it. I was finally
convinced that there were times when
that Vermont woman reached my
field in her praying. The prayer cable
went straight up from the Vermont

hills to the Throne of God, and down
from there to the Zulu field. When she
was sending up her message, in
my behalf, I would feel the thrill
without being able to read the mes-
sage.

I am sure I have a similar
experience along the cable that
comes from your heart to mine -
that connects our hearts - by way
of the Great White Throne. I feel
the thrills, and I know who is
speaking at the other end, even
though I cannot catch the
words.

Again I want to say that
you are in the hearts of the
members of my family as is
no one else but directly of that
family. Never has anyone from
outside that ^{immediate} circle been so loved
within it. We all join now daily
in loving prayers for dear Rob
and Emma, as of the memberships

of the family, and all feel that
there is a new family treasure in
the love that is thus represented.

I shall send off this letter
in the hope that it will reach
you before you have thoughts of
answering the former one. Please
wait awhile longer, and then
acknowledge the batch of letters
from

Your very loving father-in-law,
Charles Drummond

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1121 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Sept 14, 1892.

My own dear Rob:

As usual I have forgotten something. I am not the man - and not like the man - of whom my grandson, Sam Field, says, "He never forgets anything that he wants to say."

I omitted that editorial note that I said I enclosed in this morning's letter, and though it is a little matter I want to make my promise good by an afterthought.

Speaking of little Sam Field, his mother told me an hour ago that he is evidently thinking

over that sermon of yours. Last night he rose from his prayer and said, "Mother, it is so that Jesus learned to pray, as Mr. Spear said. I never thought of that before". And then he added, "Why was Jesus so poor that he didn't have his own Bible?"

Dear Rob, the living Saviour is making you a blessing in my family circle, as well as in my heart; and I do thank Him for it. You are more and more dear to your loving father, in love,

F. Roy Turnbull

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

11 3/4 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Sept. 19, 1892.

My own dear Rob:

I have been fairly
creeching for the past three days in
talking about you to dear Sailer.
I told you that I shouldn't say
much to him about our friendship,
but would leave it for you to do; but
I just couldn't keep still, and I
found he didn't want me to.

I knew I wasn't being down with
any talk. You remember the definition
of a bore as "a man who is always talk-
ing about himself, when you want to
be talking about yourself." I suppose
a man can be a bore in always
talking about his friend, when you want
to be talking about your friend; but in
this case my dear friend is his dear

friend, and I am in no worse days
of loving him by telling how good you
are and how I love you, than I
should be of saying too much about
you to dear Emma.

Sailer's face would glow as I
told him of your goodness, and of your
dear ways, and of how much I owe
to you, and how you fill my heart
as a noble, merciful friend. I am sure
he loves me the more for my loving
you so dearly; and his faith in you
is so strong that it will not fail him
because of your seeing any thing in
me to love. When I told him that
if he had been at Northfield this year
I should probably not have come
so near to you, because he and you
would have been together, and I should
have lacked the opportunity to be so much
with you, he said that while he had
so regretted his absence from there, now
he should be glad that he was away,
since it brought you and me together
in such a friendly way.

How glad I am. Let you look at
those Bible rolls each day. They
mean so much more to me now.
All the texts that I have heard
you speak from are found on them,
and I am thrilled with a new
interest as I come to them in their
turn; and now you will read
them also when I come to them again.

As I find anything that I have
written in former times that may
interest you, I am prompted to
send it to you. So now I have
come across an article of mine
called "Is Wine Safer than Water?"
that was republished by the National
Temperance Society as a tract, and
I enclose it herewith. I also send
by mail an address in "The Worth
of a Historic Conscience," that was the
ground of my sermon on "Making the Past
a Sucker", although it represents the
reverse of that truth. President Gilman
of Johns Hopkins, who was then at the head

of the University of California, thought at
the time that it was a very real-
historical monograph, and he frequently
refers to it, up to the present time, as
having had a decided influence on his
mind. I think you will be interested
in some phases of it, only you mustn't
be in haste to find time for its reading.

I wish that what I send you
could be of more service by ~~it~~ than
these little things can be; for I am
getting so much in inspiration and
love and life from you, that I have
a sense of hopeless indebtedness by me.
But I am glad to owe you so much.

And now I send you a gift that
is big enough to take up room, but
that seems too big for its value. If
you haven't space for it on your walls,
set it on the floor. I asked you if
you would like it, and you said that
you would; but you said it as if you
meant it, and I felt sure that you
did. You may not be familiar with
the story of the man who, in response to
the calls for help at the time of the Chi-

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS

1131 Walnut St., Philadelphia

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case first, said he couldn't do as much as he would like to for the needy sufferers, but he would send them his photograph. I am following his example, in his spirit.

How did you like Charles Kingsley's life? Or, ^{rather,} what did you think of the man? I ask for a special reason.

Your name grows ever dearer in my home as in my heart. Each morning we pray together for "dear Rob Speer and dear Emma". You know there is Rob Child also in our family group. Never before has anyone from outside been brought into such relations with us as a family; but in this case it seems so natural to all of us. We love you two "very dearly".

I have many things more to say,
but I cannot find time for them now.

Most lovingly your father-in-law

H. J. [unclear]

Phil[?], Thursday

Sept. 29, 1892

My own very dear Rob:

You are so good, so good; and I love you so dearly! Each letter from you seems better than any that I have had before, and it is more to me than any other. It isn't selfish in me - is it? - to think so much of your letters, and to get so much out of them. They fill me with joy to such an extent, and it seems to me I am getting so much more from them, and from you, than I can give, that I feel as if I were a sponge of love instead of a fountain, as I ought to be, and as at least I want to be.

I was down stairs ^{early} when your letter came yesterday morning, and my heart reached out ^{in joyful} for its re-
ceiving it. Before I had read down the first page, I was in tears; and I had to stop for

a good copy before I could print the
letter. Your words brought me closer
to you, and closer to ^{and more joyful} them in whom
is our common life. I am sure that
if you could realize how much more
I am worth, for the work ^{for which} to which I
am set ^{by you}, by the power of my love for you,
and by the sense of your love for me, you
would feel that you are doing ^{very} much for
very many, by being what you are in
yourself, and by being what you are
to me. Truly I thank you for this gift
of you, and for your work in His behalf.
I have never so realized His endowment,
as in my sense of His ministry come
through you.

I wonder whether dear Emma
notes the quotations in my Editorial
Notes from your dear letters. Will
you call her attention to them, or
shall I send her a marked copy
in every instance? I shall be glad
to do this, if she would not otherwise know
them. This week besides the reference to
you in the Editorial, there is a quotation,
in the fourth Editorial Note, from your
letter to me on the lesson from Jacob's Well.

That Note and the one following it - on the
confidences of friendship are the only two of
the five, ^{which} from my pen. There is hardly
any thing I write now that is not affected
by my love for you, and by your loving
words to me. I hope you realize dear
Rob, that my love for you is a love all
by itself, differing not only in degree
but in kind from my loving interest
in others. I would not have you think
that my letters to you are of the same
sort as my letters to others whom
I call under the general title of
"friends".

Have you thought of the peculiar
force of our Lord's "new commandment"
which disciples, that they should "love one
another"? This was not the old command-
ment, "Love thy neighbor," re. emphasized
and expanded. It was a new command-
ment, applicable only to those who had
new life in them. It was his only "new
commandment" to them. Every injunction
in the Sermon on the Mount was the
rephrasing of an old commandment,
but until now this new commandment could
not be given; for there ^{were} none with new life

is then, in the older time.

But it is not merely as one who is in Christ that I love you, but it is as one who being in Christ is as the one "whom Jesus loved" from among the Twelve. You are all by yourself - "you two" - and my love for you is ungive as well as intense.

I had a lovely letter from dear Emma this week. As in the former instance, when she told me I might call her "Emma", at the very same way letter is now asking that privilege was on its way to her, so now she promises to let me know when she is coming to Philadelphia, although she had not yet read my request, through you, that she would do so. I do think I am, in spirit, in the current of loving thoughts between "you two", or in the circle of us four, which is "not a crowd", as you said so lovingly.

To think that Emma passed Sister and myself, as we stood at the corner of the street, and we missed the privilege of a greeting of and from her! I wonder that I did not feel her presence. I think, if I could recall my impressions of that moment, that I should find I had ^{consciously} thought of you, one of those thoughts that possess me whenever I ^{think} of you.

Oh, how glad I am in the prospect of seeing you, of having you, on the first of November! It is the "Foreign Missionary Society" that calls you here, but there is a call very urgent and very loving from your "Home Missionary Society" that you will respond to at the same time; and I know you cannot do more real missionary service in the first named field than in the second. We need you! We want you! We reach out after you with loving yearning! So come as early as you can, and stay as long as you can. Come right by your own name. If your time is short, I will have a carriage at the station to take you to your home and thence to your meeting. And every added minute with you will be added, joyous life to me, dear, dear Rob!

Today is the birthday of my first born son, Henry Camp Trumbull. We had been married more than fourteen years, and no son had been born us. When this boy came, he was the only one in all the Trumbull family of his generation to carry down the family name. He was given, by right, the name of my friend, and so he was a treasure to the Camps as well as to the Trumbulls. This was in 1868, so

that he was only a year younger than you. He was a child of exceptional beauty and promise. This is not a fancy growing out of our losing him; for when he was ten months old he was farther advanced in all things than any ^{other} child of our has been at eighteen months. Mr. Bushnell, who baptized him, said that he was never so impressed with the beauty and the character and the promise in the face of any other child he ever saw. He was with us only a year, and then our Lord took him back again -

"A victor ere he drew a sword;
Before he tield, at rest!"

How the thought of him, of what he might have been here, of what he is there, comes to my mind to-day!

Dear Wattle's! he wrote me more hopefully of his condition on Sunday. When I read his letter on Tuesday I dropped on my knees and told the dear Saviour I was so grateful for ^{his} having dear Rob in ^{Wattle's} behalf; for I felt I was having an answer by your prayers for him and me. And when your letter came on Wednesday morning, telling me of your tender intercessions, I loved you and Him more dearly than before. ^{Wattle's} ~~It~~ is coming back to Philadelphia to-morrow. What ever be the issue, ^{of his case,} I have peace; and you have helped me toward it, God bless you!

A little poem by Lucy Larcom, in a recent number of The Independent will please you by its truth, so precious to your heart. It is ⁱⁿ the soul of Friendship. I enclose a copy of it.

And I also enclose an Editorial Note I found in a back number of my paper. It expresses my feeling, when I read your loving words come - only I am comforted, beyond all that can cheer Dr. Holmes, in the thought that our love is in Christ, and that whatever either ^{of us} finds of chief value in the other is a reflected light from the dear Saviour who unites us.

More than twenty years ago I was visiting a private school for boys, in old Stockbridge Massachusetts. It was in the house where Jonathan Edwards wrote his Treatise in the Well, a son of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was one of the boys. She had written an article about him when he was younger, entitled "What shall we do with our Charlie?" He was ~~was~~ a wild fellow, and a sly one. Already he had been sent away from two schools, or three, and he had come to this one as a last resort. The term was nearing its close, and the teachers had determined to tell Mrs. Stowe that he could not take Charlie back again, because his influence over the other boys was so bad.

I preached a sermon at the church which the boys attended, on the ~~case~~ uncovering of charades,

from Luke 12:1, 2. As Charlie Stowe told his
teacher afterwards, for the first time in his
life he was frightened. He had thought he was
covering up his tracks, but my sermon
showed him that he would surely be found
out. He wondered whether Mr. Trimmall
would have a talk with him. When the teacher
told me this, I went to Mr. Stowe lovingly,
and had a pre talk with him. Then when he
came home ^{to Hartford,} only the next week, I visited
him in his home, and talked with him again.
The dear Lord used these words of mine, and
Charlie was won to another life. He studied
for the ministry, and for years he has been a
faithful preacher of Christ's love.

^{In a letter}
This morning came some from him, beginning
"My dear Mr. Trimmall: It is now many
years since you talked so kindly andearn-
estly with me at Stockbridge. I trust that
the good seed you planted in my heart has not
been fruitless," and concluding with "Very grate-
fully yours, C. E. Stowe". As I had not heard
from him again in fifteen years, I did not know
but he had forgotten what led to his change of life;
so that this letter of his, covering an article on the
thought of God in Christ, was a cause of cheer to me.

How I wish I could have read that last
Sunday evening's talk of yours in Brooklyn on
the Love of God! I should like to have been there
without your knowing it. I wish, indeed, I could
hear you oftener. But it is good to love you, if I
cannot see and hear you.

Will you let me send this letter to-day with-
out waiting longer? I want to do so. Only you must

not answer it until next week - now remembered!

I am thinking of and praying for you and Sailer to-day. But for him I should not have known you, and so loved you. How grateful I am for this blessing from the dead, that came as a result of my trying to serve the son of my friend, Sailer's mother!

How I should enjoy being by your side at the Communion! Perhaps we may yet be together there, before we take the cup with its Saviour in the new kingdom. I hope so.

Dear, dear Rob, I am

Your very loving father in love

Wm. May Franklin

1.1.

Friday I denied myself, and spared you one day longer, by keeping this letter over night. Both Scripture rolls this morning showed verses of praise. I joined in their spirit most heartily. Twenty years ago, and more, I was impressed by the opening thought of an address by a good clergyman, who said: "God values one word of praise more than ten words of prayer." I think I never enjoyed praise so fully as now, since I have come to praise the dear Saviour for his love in your love. It is a song in the night to me, and it is a song all the day through. I would like to have it inscribed on my tomb stone: "Rob Speer loved him". The dear Lord know what what would draw me closer to him, as He sent you to represent Him in love, I praise Him, while I love you; and I do love you very dearly.

Wait for a leisure moment, in which to answer this letter. I write to you ^{so often} because it rests me, when I am too tired to do anything else. But you have dear Emma to write to as a means of rest, and you must let your loving desire to help me add to your work. I get help in loving you, even when I do not hear from you. Lovingly yours W.M.F.

1892
Phil. Friday Sept. 30.

My own dear Rob.

I wonder if I could get another letter off to you, without adding to your burden of replying. I'm always thinking of something more that I want to say to you, yet I don't want to seem to call on you for a reply. You must let me write two or three letters, ^{or more,} to your one. This will seem to be more fairness in that.

In the first place, I want to speak about a missionary matter. We have published in our pages a number of articles telling how to conduct juvenile missionary societies, and describing methods of interesting children in missionary service and in missions. Calls to us for information in this line come from various sources, and I want to do more than ^{to} meet these calls. I want to excite yet more interest ^{among the group} in the subject of missions.

I am thinking of adding to the number of such articles in our paper, and then of collecting in a booklet all the best of them, earlier and later, for general use.

Do you know any writers to whom I could apply for such articles? I mean persons who can tell how to do that which will be attractive and effective in juvenile associations.

When the collection ^{of articles} is complete, I should be glad to have you write an introduction to it - an extended introductory chapter. You know, dear Rob, I want you to feel that The Sunday School Times is one of your helpers in the Master's work; and that you can influence it as you please for the work you love. Perhaps this is one reason why the dear Lord brought ^{you} to love me and I to love you; so that you should put more life and more love into its columns, and should more wisely direct its teachings.

It goes each week to more than 150,000 teachers, and teachers of teachers, including at least 10,000 clergymen, and many college presidents and professors, and instructors in theological seminaries, in a world-wide range, including more than forty different countries. You are the best part of me now; and I want you to feel the privilege of this opportunity of using such an agency ^{power} of influence; while I do ^{not} want you to be burdened with any sense of responsibility.

Mr. Wattle has returned to Philadelphia to-day, with his family. He looks better than I expected to see him; and I am cheered. I hope

he will be here when you come home next. I want you to see him. My first hour with him and his wife was occupied chiefly in my story of the dear Saviour's loving dealings with me, in bringing me to love you so dearly, and to have the blessing of your love. Now they also understand the new family relationships between us; and already they love you.

(Saturday) I wish I knew your texts or subjects for to-morrow's preaching. But our dear friend knows, and he is more interested in it than even I can be. I shall go to him for sympathy on this theme, and shall ask ^{him} confidently to give you a rich blessing in your labors, and to show himself in and through you.

As to Matt's proposition to me, I should hesitate to write on a subject that necessitates so much to be said about myself. A New England clergyman told me that he and his brother asked their godly old father to write his autobiography. His answer was: "I made up my mind long ago that if the Lord wouldn't tell what he knows about me, I wouldn't tell what I know about myself." Yet I have no hesitation to talk with you on personal topics. Malachi 3:16 is a very sweet text to me. I realize its preciousness in my intercourse with you. And, by the way, there are some

things in the story of John Wattle and myself that I should love to tell you. They are wonderful illustrations of the love of Christ. In all my Christian life the faith element has been strong, notwithstanding my personal shortcomings; and I have had wonderful proofs of God's willingness to have faith. I want to tell you some of them; for they are the most remarkable events in my life-story. They are not to be told of in public, for they ^{are} the Lord's dealings with me personally, and were not given for "signs." Yet you are of my very life, and it would be right for you to share them because they are mine.

John Wattle, your brother "John," is very desirous of seeing his new brother in love. He is a very lovely fellow, so much ^{in every way} lovelier than I am, that you will enjoy knowing him. I was talking ^{with him} about you this morning; as I am every day to somebody. A man met me this morning on the street, and wanted to know if my friend Speer, over whom I was so enthusiastic, could not be drawn to a pulpit. Yet I did not remember that I had spoken to him about you. My heart had simply overflowed in his hearing. And the more my heart overflows and gives out of love for you, the fuller it is of love as

Your ever loving father in love,

A. Gray Bramhall

Phil. Saturday Oct 1/92

My own very dear Rob:

To-day I asked my daughters Alice and Annie, if they would join me down town at dinner with John and Sophy, at the hotel where they are staying. Both of them declined, on the ground of an engagement to lead a juvenile missionary band this afternoon, one at Lansdown and the other at West Philadelphia. They could get through dinner in season for the meeting of the band, but they wanted extra time for special preparation. I was sure that their loved brother Rob would approve their decision in this instance; and I was glad they were walking in the path in which he leads so nobly.

I think I shall keep an "open letter" sheet always before me, on which to add "notes" by you as they come to my mind. It will do me good, moreover, simply to say "I love you," without having to begin a letter for the express purpose. And I'm always loving you, better than ever.

My teachers' meeting this evening is on "Saul of Tarsus Converted". I wish you were to be there. That room will never be the same to me as before you were in it. The memory of your face is a blessing there, as surely ^{as} in the Northfield dining room, or as ⁱⁿ my own bed chamber.

Charley tells me that he met you at
Jersey City this morning, waiting to meet your
sister. I wish I had been there! He enjoyed
seeing you. I asked him what he called you.
He said "Sweet." I told him he might have
called you "Brother Rob." He will, next time.

(Sunday Evening) I am thinking of running over
to New York one day this week. Would you like to see
me? If you are not too in a hurry on any particular
day, say from Tuesday to Friday, will you please tel-
l me. If you are in a hurry you need not give
me notice. But, now, when you write me, do
not feel that you must write me a long letter at
all times. I know how busy you are. I just take
time to say "I am glad to see you" or "I love you",
and that will be more than a fitting response to
my rambling letters. It will be every day, as I make
time to write you, as

Ever very lovingly yours, in love,

Henry

Dr. Wayland in
The National Baptist

THE KNIGHTLY SOLDIER. A biography of Major Henry Ward Camp, by Chaplain Henry Clay Trumbull. New and Revised Edition. PHILADELPHIA: John D. Wattles. 8 in. by 5½. pp 223.

It is natural to us to forget to estimate the price which has been paid for the blessings which we daily enjoy. Living in a country, free, united, peaceful, prosperous, it is hard to realize that these blessings were purchased for us less than a generation gone by, by the best blood in America, by the boundless sacrifice of lives, every one of which was precious beyond expression. Dr. Trumbull, who thro the *Sunday school Times* exerts a world wide influence, and who does a great many things better than most of us can do one thing, has rendered an invaluable service by writing this record, and now by revising and re-issuing it, both because it reminds the present generation of the unutterable price which was paid for our blessings, and also because it presents before us the example of a pure, brave, heroic, Christian soul, an unblemished offering, upon a holy altar.

Major Camp was one of the choice young men who took up arms at the call of President Lincoln in behalf of Liberty and Union. Enlisting as second lieutenant he rose by bravery and merit to the rank of major. Taken prisoner, he escaped, was recaptured, undiscouraged continued his efforts to escape until at last he was exchanged. He rejoined his regiment before Richmond, and was forward in every action where duty called him. With his friend Chaplain Trumbull, he held most delightful Christian intercourse, and was everywhere recognized as a Christian. Oct. 13, 1864, side by side with the Chaplain, he went to the battlefield, and when the Chaplain left him for his work among the wounded and dying, the last words of the knightly soldier were, "I do trust Jesus fully, wholly." Within a few moments, shot thro and thro, he fell dead.

The example of such a man is of inestimable value to the young and to the old. Happy the country which had such young men to lose; no less happy the country whose surviving young men shall emulate so radiant an example.

Dr. Trumbull has done his work with the skill of an accomplished author, and with the enthusiasm of a loving friend.

GOD IN CHRIST.

(By Lucy Larcom.)

O thou far-off, eternal God,
Within all life, beyond all thought,
We seek thee through thy worlds abroad,
Thy footsteps trace, but find thee not.
All forms of being thou dost fill,
A strange, retreating Mystery still.

Far off thou art, and yet most near!
Thou comest in Christ our souls to meet—
A Presence close and warm and dear,
A Sympathy, a Friendship sweet.
One with ourselves in him thou art;
Our Father, with a Brother's heart.

The Source of all the tenderness
That we have ever felt or dreamed;
A boundless Power and Will to bless,
Thy Life into our lives has streamed.
We grope not through the void alone:
Thou callest us, claimest us for thine own!

Into thy hand thou takest ours;
We lean our weary hearts on thine.
Our inmost thoughts, our utmost powers
Unfold within thy light divine;
And in the Spirit of thy Son
Our little lives with thine are one.

Thy mysteries deepen and increase;
Beyond our path we cannot see.
Christ is our Refuge and our Peace;
Through him we are at home with thee;
In him we know thee as thou art;
Thou lovest us with a human Heart!

Words of praise from those who love us, ought to be an incentive to higher and nobler doing on our part. Even if we know that the words spoken in our praise are undeserved by us, and are prompted by the kind partiality of those who see us as better than our best, we should be encouraged in the thought that any whom we know to be worthy can esteem us thus highly; and we should be stimulated in the purpose to *be* as good as we have thus *seemed* to be. This thought is ~~thus~~ felicitously phrased by the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" in his recent poetical response to friends in New York who had welcomed him to their supper table:

"Too well I know

How Friendship pays the debt it does not owe;
Shapes a poor semblance fondly to its mind;
Adds all the virtues that it fails to find;
Adorns with graces to its heart's content;
Borrows from love what nature never lent,
Till—what with halo, jewels, gilding, paint—
The veriest sinner deems himself a saint.
Thus, while you pay these honors as my due,
I owe my value's larger part to you;
And in the tribute of the hour I see
Not what I am, but what I ought to be."

op of every house in the city he was to enter were a separate opposing devil, he would say his say and do his do, in behalf of the Master who had commissioned him. And so it has been in every land and in every age from the time of the patriarch Noah to the days of Dwight L. Moody. What is wanted for the Christian ministry to-day, so far as there is any want, is not more *men*, but more *man*. And the ranks of the ministry will be fuller, and the force of the ministry will be greater, without the addition of any of these men who are kept out of it by any sense of its dangers, its difficulties, its privations, and its hardships.

When our Lord summoned a new minister, in addition to the original twelve, he did not say: I will show him how much he will gain by entering his ministry; and what an easy time of it he will have. But our Lord did say, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." And if we may judge from Paul's own recital of his life-course, when he looked back upon it from its close, our Lord kept his promise to the letter in the supply of sufferings to his chosen servant. So now, the real inducement to the Christian ministry is the intensity and severity of the life and death struggle between Christ and his enemies which makes this ministry a necessity. The best men, the most efficient workers in the ministry to-day, are men who came into it with a full under-

Tuesday Oct. 4, 1892.
Phila.

My own very dear Rob:

Your prompt telegram awaited me at the office when I came in yesterday morning. And now your dear good letter is ^{with} me. How thoroughly I appreciate your concerning love, as well as your words of love! They are like the breathings of Divine love. I am refreshed and uplifted by them. What a blessing you are to me! May I be profited by it as I ought to be.

When I read of the pressure on you this week, I reproached myself for adding another stone to your burdens; and my first impulse was to telegraph you that I could not come to New York just now. But on second thought I feel that I may look in upon you tomorrow morning, God willing, and just have a look from you, without detaining you a moment. Even if you can conveniently go with ^{me} to lunch at any hour you will name, I shall be so glad to come back for that appointment; but if it is not

convenient I would so much rather
you should not do it.

As to that article on juvenile missions
and associations, you can take your time
for it. I will gladly postpone the pub-
lication for six months or more to meet
your convenience. But I will talk
this over with you when we meet.

Do not let me tax you in any
way. But I know you will let
me love you more and more
dearly, as

Your very loving father in law,
J. H. Bay

Phil. Oct 5, 1892.

Wednesday

My very dear Rob:

You must have seen that I was greatly enjoying my visit with you to-day; yet I hardly think you can know how much it was to me. Every minute was a delight, and is a delight, and will be a delight to me. The dream was realized, as I stood at the door of my office and you looked up at me; and now I have a glad memory instead of a dream. And I do love you so much more dearly than ever, because of this new sight of you, and this added knowledge of you.

But there are so many things that I don't say, and that I don't ask: I am wishing now I had had more of it. One point that I meant to make sure of I took in, and that was the getting from you the price, and time of publishing and the publisher's name. I don't know how this is

... can do the public a
service, and provide the entertainment of
our, by speaking of them in their
articles; and I'm ready to rest my
attention for good judgment on this subject.

Yours and more lovingly,

Your devoted father in love,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

Friday Eve. Oct. 7, 1892.

My own dear Rob:

Yesterday afternoon I attended the funeral of that dear girl whom I aided to receive into the church, and with whom I shared the Communion feast, so few days ago, in her own home. What a joy it was to thank the dear Lord for her life in Him that shall not die, and to speak words of comfort to her mourning mother and sister and brother, as sharers in that life! What would this life ^{be} without that!

Soiler comes home this evening. I am anticipating a pleasant talk with him about you.

I am crowded with work, so crowded this afternoon and evening, that I must get another breath of oxygen by turning my face toward you. My thoughts have been turned that way for months.

I wrote an editorial yesterday in "Self and Self" that I shall be glad to have you read.

Dear Rob, I do love you dearly, and I thank our dear Friend for your friendship love.

Lovingly your father-in-law J. H. Gray

4103 WALNUT ST.

Phil^a Oct. 9, 1892.

My own very dear Rob:

Sailer is a r. some-
to-day, and I have enjoyed talking with him
about you. He gives me some new phases of
your character, in showing me the boyish side
of your nature, so to speak, which enables me to
see you as we are more clearly, and so to love
you better. The more I know of you, the better
I love you; and I do love you very dearly.

I suppose you are off on your Western
tour this week. I hope to hear from you as to
your plans re you go, so that I shall know
when to write you.

Some of the Editorial Notes which are prompt-
ed by your letters & we wait for an opportunity
of their printing. I write them in advance, and
they are used according to the convenience of
space. I wrote one not long ago, on the subject of
Laird's account of your meeting with Bill's poem
in which you called best attention, I don't know
when it will appear! How much I owe to the
quickenings of your living thoughts! I wish I could
do as much for you as you do for me. I should do
a great deal, - I could do all that my love for you
promptly me to desire & do.

I have prayed in your name
as a brother & man. I knew your
soul and your spirit, and your great
and I love more and more lovingly

Your friend & brother in love,
L. J. [Signature]

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS:

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Oct. 11 1892.

My very dear Rob and Emma:

When Rob is at Harrisburg I cannot ^{that is, I don't want to} write to one of you without writing to both; and I am doubly glad of the privilege of writing to you two together.

It seems to me there is a pleasant aspect to this synodical work at the start, if it brings you two into company once more. I'm of opinion that Rob will find it easier to take the first stage of his journeying than the second.

Rob's letter of Saturday morning, written and mailed in season to reach me the same afternoon, was not delivered at my house until Monday morning; but it was oh so welcome when it finally came. I was glad, in one sense, that ^{it} was shorter than usual; because it showed me he didn't feel obliged to take time for a long letter, when so hurried. He must never let correspondence with me be a tax on him. I can ^{always} take the "will for the deed" heartily.

I am glad to have his itinerary, as a guide in my prayers and letter-writing, and loving. I shall be with him in all his journeying.

Dr. M^r. Cook writes me that he has invited Rob^t to preach on Missions for him on the 23d. of this month, and to stop at his house, if I will consent. He says that Kit stole the hearts of all his people who heard him last month, and the rest of the people want to have their hearts stolen also. Of course Rob cannot be with him at that time, and of course Rob couldn't stop at his parsonage with my consent if he were here. But I don't blame Dr. M^r. Cook and Mrs M^r. Cook for wanting him with them.

This week is full of memories for me. It was my last week with Henry Camp. He was killed October 13. How vividly those days come back to me! And it almost seems that he himself has come back to me in Rob, who is so like him in many things - the things that are best and noblest. How thankful I am to the dear Lord for these blessings, in memory and in possession!

Dear Emma said that I need not write to her directly, because she had the benefit of my letters to Rob; but she will not object to my writing this letter to her and

Dear Mr., and to my assurance that he
and him speak, that I am

Their very loving father-in-law.

Wm. Jay Townsend

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

11.34 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Oct. 13, 1892.

My own very dear Rob:

Your letter of yesterday, which reached me this morning, was a real surprise to me, and oh how welcome it was!

As I was reading it in the breakfast room, before the family had gathered, my face was lighted up with living pleasure, and, seeing that it had attracted the attention of "Sarah," our "second girl," I said: "A letter from Mr. Speer is a real help to me in the evening." She responded, "It's as good as a cup of coffee to you." "Ah it's better than a dozen cups of coffee to me," I replied. "A homely figure, but it was not more than it seemed to."

I am busy over the new edition of "The Blood Covenant": The Index occupies me just now, and it takes a

good deal of time. I am doing as little editorial work as I can, so as to get time for this work.

Letters come in from all sides asking where your "Studies in the Book of Acts" can be obtained. I answer one of the letters, as a specimen, in next week's "Notes on Open Letters." By the way you will be amused at a note, in that department, on "willow whistles," as following this week's note on Persian poets, etc. Mayhew referred to me awhile ago, in a private letter, as "keeping omniscience always on tap." An editor does have to keep posted, or rather to post himself anew on a great many different subjects. But, like yourself, I love to work, and I couldn't enjoy idleness of the Pennsylvania sort.

Since I began this letter I have been called down stairs to see a colored youth, whom I first became interested in a dozen years ago. He is now a junior in the University of Penn. Phil. Robbins, whom I interested in his case, has done a good deal for him. He has just lost his only brother, in Virginia; and now he has his mother to support.

In expressing his gratitude to me, to-day, for my continued interest in him, he said touchingly, "I'd like to do something for you;" and, with tears in his eyes, he added, "Doctor, I'd like to black your coats for you." That meant a great deal; and I realized afresh the privilege of helping a young man like that. He intends to be a minister, or a teacher. It was a long time before he could see how simple a thing it is to trust the dear Saviour. He wanted to save himself, and he suffered sorely in the struggle.

Mr. Wattle's expects to go to Nevada on the 25th. instant. You will not see him then, when you come home next time. I wish he and you could have met. It would be a pleasure to both of you.

This is a hurried letter, but it is a very loving one, from

Your loving father, in love,

P. S. You know my prayers and my love are with you always. I do love you very, very dearly.

H. Clay Townsend

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Oct. 15, 1892.

My own dear Rob.:

Can see I am following you with my letters, as well as with my prayers and my love. I want to do it. It's a help to me, and you told me it could be a help, and not a hindrance, to you on your journey.

Dr. Hays, who is your host at Kansas City, I have a pleasant acquaintance with. Dr. Harry Hopkins, also of that city, is a closer acquaintance. He is a son of President Mark Hopkins of Williams College, and he was an army chaplain. I was often in his home, when he was first settled, in Westfield, Mass. It was as his guest that Johnny Vassar was there, when the old man won a goddess

blacksmith to hammer behind his
forge, as I told the story at Northfield.
If you meet Dr. Haphen, I would like
him to give him my hearty greetings, and
you may tell him as much as you
please of my love for you.

Dr. Dana is desirous of beginning
a brief series of sermons for students,
on Sunday evenings, in order to reach
the medical student, and others in
the University of Penn., so near our
church. He wants to get you to
open this series. I mention it now,
because Dr. M^r. Cook is seeking to
get you for a missionary talk to his
people before long; and if you are
with him in the morning, you could
be with Dr. Dana in the evening;
and at your own home, in love all
the time of your visit. Is it selfish
for me to hope that somehow this
will be brought about? I will not
deny the existence of a selfish streak
in me, right through the middle.
But with all my selfishness, my love
for you helps me toward unselfish-
ness constantly.

Sailer sent me your Valdictary
address, this week, and I have read
it with real interest. I see the
thought of the historic continuity of life
running through it from first to
last; and I am glad to find it
there.

You are a dear good fellow, and
my love for you is an inspiration
to me, while yours for me is a blessing
for which I thank our dear Friend
continually.

Your very loving father in love,
W. Lloyd Garrison

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Oct. 18, 1892.

My very dear Rob:

My thoughts and my prayers and my love follow you day by day, in your journeying and in your work for the dear Master; and to-day I want to write you at Jerseyville, Illinois, hoping that my letter will catch you before you leave there.

I think I told you that I am to be busy this week with the Commandery-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, which meets in this city. As I am Chaplain-in-Chief of that order I am compelled to give one whole day and three evenings to meetings in connection with it. The war-time associations of these gatherings, and the meeting of army comrades and Commanders make it a peculiarly impressive season with me. Yet I look forward to my meeting with ^{you} on November 1, with a delight that no army reunion can give me.

Thursday, Oct. 20, 1888

My very dear Rob:

I feel rich to-day. A letter from you at St. Paul reached me last evening, and one from dear Emma came to me this morning. Each of them gave gladness of heart to me.

You were very kind to find time for that note, on your travels, and all of its items were of interest to me. I think that you will find more prominence given in the Bible to the nose and to smells, than you have thought of. The nose was a chief feature with the gods of old. The primitive belief was that the gods smelled a sweet savor of burnt offerings in sacrifice, and were pleased with the odor of incense. From Genesis to Revelation this idea has recognition. And again a sweet smell was a blessing and a bad smell was a curse. (See Gen. ^{8:21} 27:26, 27; Lev. 26:31; Dent. 4:28; Cant. 4:10; Isa. 3:24; John 12:3; Phil. 4:18; Rev. 5:8, etc., etc.)

Last evening I met one of my soldier comrades, at the reception of the Royal Legion, and he spoke of you. He read you at Dr. W.'s Church, his father is an elder here - Mr. M. Dulyre. I told you of the father's interest in you, as bringing him out twice a day. It did me good, it thrilled me with delight, to hear him talk of you. He said, "I would like to go and hear that man four times a day, every Sunday. If ever he comes here again I want to know it. I would walk almost any distance to hear him at any time." Then I told him that you were to speak in the city on Missions, in a few weeks, and I promised to let him know where you were to speak.

By the way, that meeting is to be at the Baptist Church, corner of Thirty-sixth and Chestnut ^{Street}, only five squares from my house - your house. Won't that be convenient? I'm counting the days until then, dear Rob.

Yesterday noon Governor Beaver hunched with us at the Union League; and he also talked admirably of you. He told me of your Sunday evenings at his house, with the home-brewed lemonade. How good it is to hear these praises of you, and to say in response that it is all true, and that I

know so much more that could be said of
you!

You'll soon be turning your face toward
ward. May His love be felt by you
meanwhile, and ever, and blessed be
His name that our love is shared with
His love and His life.

Your very loving partner in love
H. Lloyd Grounwell

1893

4103 WALNUT ST.

Philander Lee

Oct. 11.

My dear Emma:

I was so glad to see you,
and to see how well you look with
it. I told you, I understand you better now,
and my care for your life is
increased with my better understanding. I
shall do anything for you and dear Rob
& shall be only so glad to do it. I hope
you will let me know if you see a way
for me to further your wishes, of coming
or going at your call.

I write you now to tell of Mrs. Perce's
death. She was a Pensioner, and I think she
knew Mrs. Purser. She was stricken very
suddenly on Thursday evening with apoplexy,
and she was unconscious all ^{the} time, with the
exception of a few minutes, until her
death at half past eight Saturday evening.

She was intimate with Miss M. and
her daughter. Hattie was the one to
bring me home. All for her sorrowfully.
I have just come from a walk on the
mountain.

The general is to be on Tuesday afternoon
3 o'clock. I cannot say. Terms of service is
a week in the service. It is a week in service.

I understand that dear Rob is to be with
you this week. I am not sure as to the day,
but I may write him then, and if I can
write you you will forward the letter.

My prayers are with you daily, especially
now in the time of your distress, and I am

ever,
F. Lee G. G. G.

Phil[?] Oct. 25, 1892.

Tuesday P.M.

My own dear Rob:

Yours are so good!
I didn't expect any letter from you while you were on your Western trip; and here I have had five loving ones. Yours from Jerseyville reached me yesterday morning, and yours from Dubuque reached me last evening. Yesterday was a rich day to me!

I am glad you did not attempt any letters; for I should have felt that I was overtaxing you had you stopped to write at length; but those you did send were real good, and oh, so welcome!

I intended to write to you to-day at Harrisburg; but it seems you are to be home to-morrow - at your outside home; so I shall send my letter to New York. You are at one of your homes to-day, and I look for you in another of your homes next Tuesday. How glad I shall be - we all shall be - to see you here!

This is a crowded day with me. Mr. Wattle and ^{a portion of} his family leave for

London this evening (I am sorry that he
and you are to fail of seeing each other).
I have to attend a funeral, that will occupy
all the afternoon. It is my daughter Sophy's
(Mrs. Wether's) birth day. I have my Notes on
Open Letters for the week to write. And there
are several letters that I must write.
I have more extra time for writing you
than for writing you; but I shall do all
I can in both lines.

I have a pleasant letter from
Lucy Lacombe to day. She has been writ-
ting a third book, in the line of her other
two. I like her spirit and her views,
as I am sure you do. The truths we
hold most precious are dear to her.
Speaking of her personal loss in Whittier's
death, she says:

"It seems but a dream to me, yet,
that he is gone. I do not believe he is gone.
Certainly wherever he is, there must be life,
and life draws all the living together in
God. How can there be any separation
of souls that have met in Christ?"

You will let me know, I trust,
where you are to come over - by what
train - on Tuesday, so that I may
meet you, at home as early as you can,

and stay as long as you can

I am so glad that you and dear Emma are together to-day. I am better acquainted with her since you were at West - through a letter from and an interview with her; and I am more glad than before that she and you are one.

Lovingly your father in love,
E. F. Clay

Friday Oct. 28, 1892.

My very dear Rob:

I send you my
sister's new story by this mail.
I send another copy of it to dear
Emma. I hope you will like it,
and I think you will. At all
events I love you.

I am looking forward joy-
ously to the seeing your dear face,
and I am

Yours most lovingly,
H. Grayson

Phil. Oct. 28, 1892

My dear Emma:

I send you by this mail that new story of my sister - which I outlined to you on the piazza of the Northfield last summer, when I was just getting acquainted with you.

I began to write in it, but as I was prompted to say "with the love of your loving father - in love", it occurred to me that others might see the book, and want to know what all that meant; so I stopped with the name, knowing that "you two" will know what I would have written.

Dear Rob is to be with me - God willing - next Tuesday. How glad I am

Your devoted
H. Gray Merrill

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Oct. 31, 1892.

My very dear Ab:

It was so glad to know where you were on Friday and Saturday and Sunday. It carries love & outreach to know just where the loved one is at the hour, instead of leaving love to grope as it were in uncertainty. The outreach is the same in both cases, but there is a rest in the one case that is denied in the other.

Sailer was here on Saturday and Sunday, and is to be here until Wednesday morning, so he also could know your whereabouts. He is going back to Council on the 8:20 train, Wednesday morning, and he is wishing that you could be on that train. But I told him I thought you might wish to take the 7:50 train, (as will be convenient to us if you wish it,) so as to be at your 11 o'clock appointment. But if that you can decide, it

you are here.

Sailer has to be at a reception out
of town on Tuesday evening, but if he can
stay back long enough he will dine with
you at your home. At all events he will
try to see you then.

I told in my Bible class, yesterday
afternoon, of your address on Tuesday
evening. Had I took pleasure in
telling, ~~then~~, about you as you are,
and as I look over you in the
future.

Today I have a good letter from
Emma, acknowledging "Aunt Lief's",
and saying very pleasant words in
other lines. She says that if you can
not come with her on Tuesday evening,
it is very best to know that you
are with me. I am so glad that
the fields so. It is a joy to
be so interlinked, or interwoven,
with the love and the lives of "you two",
and with the love and the life of him
who is all and in all to us.

I hope to meet you at Good
St. tomorrow evening at 6:05.

There comes Sailer & he sends love.

Yours lovingly

Elizabeth

1992?

Friday, Nov. 4.

My own dear Rob:

It was so good to have you again in your own home. All of us enjoyed it. And your address at the church was most impressive to so many.

But I bungled so in my telegram to you, and in my effort to meet you, that I was ashamed of myself; and that introduction of yourself by the pastor made me sick. Yet I find that he was not generally understood by his hearers. His epigrammatic order so filled the house, that his words were not comprehended. I am glad of that.

The talks I had with you were, however, very precious to me, and I love you more dearly than ever.

I hope to get over to New York - and see you by and by, and I should like to attend a session of your Bible class. Where is it held? My brother-in-law Dr. Bruce lives in the first house west of the Y. M. C. A. building on 23d. St., and my sister Mrs. Hason lives with him. I should

be glad to have you see her, and yet more
to have her see you.

About Sailer, I hope you will have
his case in mind. It seems to me that
Germany is not the place for one of his
make, and in his present state of
mind, he told me, last summer, that
he felt the lack of a religious atmosphere.
He conveyed as good Semitic teaching
here under Helpmacht as he can find
in Germany, and the influences here are
better than there. It is only a matter
of question in his mind whether he
stay here or goes there. I have not
given an expression of my opinion, not
deeming it best for me to do so, with
things as they are. That a word from
you would have great weight.

Please pray over it, and act as you
deem wise.

I am so glad I can counsel with
you in such a matter, and I am glad
to be ever

Yours very lovingly
H. Grayson

Thursday, Nov. 10, 1842.

My own very dear Rob:

Your Saturday's

letter was not mailed until Wednesday morning, so it did not reach me until last evening. It had ^{not} been so long between your letters ^{at any time} since last June; and I grew very hungry. I knew it was all right; but I learned anew how much I value a living word from you. Your good letter was so good, when it did come.

You have been with Sailer, and I am glad of it. I know that you can help to steady him, and to clarify his views. I am sure he will ^{be} brought into clear light; but we may have a work to do in bringing him thither. God uses means, and we must be prompt for his use of us.

I am to lunch this noon at Dr. Lawrie's with Dr. John B. Paton. Mrs. Lawrie came by my office yesterday to ask me to come. She promised me a seat next to him at the table, if I would come. He can tell me something in the

line of my blood-covenant, as I know
from his books and his talk.

I wish I could sit by you at table,
But I can be very near you in love, and
that I shall be, for I am ever

Yours very lovingly
J. Ray Stewart

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Nov. 12, 1892.

My own very dear Rob.:

How good you are!
How much ^{more} I love you week by week!
Your letter of yesterday is so refreshing
to me. I am rejoiced at your work
with and for dear Sailer. You have
helped him ^{greatly} greatly, and you have
helped his mother and myself.
And in doing this you have done a service
to his Master and ours. God bless you!

I am delighted with your words
about the warming influence of a
warm definition. I read them aloud
to Professor Robert E. Thompson, and
he said, "How like Frederick Maurice
that sounds." And then I wrote an
editorial note on the subject, quoting
your words. How much you do for
our readers! How much you do for
all of us!

I had a good visit on Thursday
with John G. Paton. I asked him
if he had met you, and it did me
good to hear him speak so warmly
of you. He was much interested in
the Blood Covenant theory. He took
it in at once, and responded to
its truths with heartiness.

I write in haste on a crowded
day, yet it does me good to
reach out toward you lovingly.
and I am always

Yours most lovingly,

Wm. J. Fox

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Nov. 16, 1892.

My own very dear Rob:

You are so good to tell me of your plans for so far ahead. It will enable me not only to write to you at the various points, but to think of you lovingly in a straight line, without groping.

But how busy you are. Are you not overdoing? Have a thought of the limitations of power given to you even in the dear Master's service.

Your little pamphlet on "Prayer and Missions" I shall read with loving interest, and then speak about.

Will Harris was here 6 days, and I had a talk with him ^{about} dear Sailer. I am so glad you had that talk with him. I know that good

will come of it. He has been hurting him-
self and the cause of truth by his course.
And you are right as to the trouble in
the case. I speak of this because
I know that he will need further coun-
sel from you. He is not to be cured
by a single interview. He writes me, by
the way, of having had "a rare time" with
you. He is to be here to-morrow night,
to stay until Monday.

Professor Herrick Johnson, of M^c. Cormick
University, is a very good friend of mine.
You will see him while there, I suppose.

I shall pray for a blessing on
you in all your journeying, and in
all your work, and I shall grow in
the power of loving you by the exercise
of that power. I know, by the way, that
you will notice my editorial note of
this week on the gain of love through
its free expression, and will agree with its

Recently I came across two addresses
of mine that may interest you if you find
a ^{space} moment for their reading. I enclose them
herewith. A thought or two may be repeated in
them. I don't think you have seen them.

I am so glad you are soon to see Emma
again. Give her my loving greetings, and
know that I am always

Yours very lovingly
H. H. Johnson

My darling

This contains a

message for you I want

how now. God bless

you

Your mother

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1631 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Nov. 18. 1892.

My own very dear Rob.

Your loving

letter, written as you started on your journey, and received by me this morning, was unexpected, and oh how good it was!

I have not been well this week. I have been on the verge of a break-down. Twice I have been obliged to lie down in the day-time, and twice I have been compelled to go to bed soon after dark. Various things have taxed my mind ^{and peculiarly,} sorely, and besides my anxiety about Hattie, I have been anxious about Ail Howard, who is still sick abed. I know it is all right, and my loving faith doesn't waver, but the flesh is weak." And now I am sure that our dear Friend has been ministering to me through you, and you have represented him so tenderly and faithfully. What a dear God fellow you are!

I must write hastily this morning
in the hope of reaching you with a living
word at Decatur. Do not write to me
on your journey, for you will have so much
to do, but just let me have a message
of love for you at each stopping place, -
not by way of proof of my love, but in
the line of its glad expression. You are
more and more dear to me, as I see
and feel more of your worth and good-
ness.

Dear Porter is at church with me
this noon. I hope to have a good talk
with him. I feel so much stronger in
his behalf, because of your loving, prayer-
ful care of him. How much you are doing,
in how many lives!

I have read your tract on Prayer
and Missions with deepest interest. How
your full heart throbs along the centu-
ries in intelligent sympathy with God's
praying host! I hope I shall catch more
and more of your devout spirit, and be
a better man in consequence.

That our dear Saviour's loving presence
may be with you more and more, is the constant
prayer of our loving Father in love, and of your loving friend,
H. Gray Drummond

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Nov. 19. 1892.

My dear, dear Rob:

I am following you in loving and prayerful thought as you journey, and I want to send you another assurance of this fact, I meet you at Chicago.

This is a busy day with me. It is Editorial Note day, calling for all the brains I have, with all the heart I can make available. I do not use all the notes I write as soon as they are put in type. Some of them lay over for weeks, waiting the demands of space in our columns. One based on a letter of yours, and another based on my yesterday's talk with Sailer, must go over.

another week.

By the way, I am convinced that a prime defect in Taylor's mental method is the seeing an error or defect more quickly than a point calling for praise or admiration. It does not occur to him that it is more important to see the measure of truth that even Warfield holds, than to note the errors which Warfield mingles with his right teachings.

This way of looking at things affects dear Taylor's comments on Owen and measures, and on the arguments put forward by men in discussion with him. I was much impressed by this in a long talk I had with him yesterday. I mention it to you only in the hope that it may be of service to the dear fellow whom you and I love so dearly.

I suggested ^{to him} that if he were to emphasize the good things in Warfield's teachings he could do more to neutralize the errors of Warfield, than by denouncing never so vigorously the man and his mistakes. And that he could do a similar work in the case of his fellow students whom he wanted to help. He replied that he saw that this principle was correct, for that by the law of the survival of the fittest, the truth made prominent would outlive the errors.

Yet again a day in speaking of his possible father, ^{and of his home life,} he was ready to see the difficulties in any plan before him, than to recognize its obvious advantages. In noting this as his prime difficulty, I am better able to strive to help him overcome it, and therefore I speak of it to you - who can do so much for him.

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RECEIVED at

11 am Standard Time Nov 26 1892

Dated Phila. Pa 26

To Robt Speer

Christian Endeavor state

Conf.

Waiting to write I send love & greetings by telegraph my thoughts & prayers are with you

H. Clay Trumbull

Wednesday Morning

Phil^a: Nov. 23, 1892.

My very dear Rob:

How glad I am that you and Emma are to be together on Thanksgiving day! I didn't think of that when you wrote me that you were to be with ^{her} on Thursday, but now it will be an added cause of thanks in my prayers.

In New England, preeminently, Thanksgiving day is the home festival; more so than Christmas. My most delightful memories of youth cluster about that day in my boyhood's home; and if a New Englander abroad can have only one day in the year with his family friends at the old homestead, he will pick Thanksgiving day. So your father-in-law will be with you and Emma in haste to-morrow, and will be praying for God's richest blessings on "you two".

I sent a copy of my new edition of "The Ten Commandments as a Covenant

of Love" to dear Emma yesterday. You
have seen it, I believe, but I shall send
a copy of the new edition to you; for I
always want you to have the best of
anything I have to give. That is poor
enough, and I wish it were better; but
love goes with it - love that is as good as
anybody's.

Have you noticed my editorial
on Lyric? I have just written a
note on Open Letters of more than two
columns in length on the subject. I had
two long letters from Dr. Newman Smyth
complaining of my treatment of him,
but he would not consent to my men-
tioning his letters. I am writing now in
the line of his complaints, and am
striving to be fair toward him.

I don't know whether you see the
matter as I do, but I should like
to know. It has been a study with
me for twenty-nine years. I have dis-
cussed it in public and in private very
fully for more than ten years, and my
convictions are strong, while my mind
is, I think, clear as to the distinctions
involved. Yet I value questions, and

from friends & helps me to achieve
vision. I had a two hours ^{on the subject} talk
with dear Sailer this week, seeking
to show him the lines ^{of distinction} about which
he was somewhat confused. He said
he gained light from the discussion.

Prof. Thompson and Dean Bartlett
ask me to write a little book on the
subject, and perhaps I shall. But
I may have mentioned this to you &

Sailer tells me that he asks you
to read Bushnell's sermon on "Fruit
and Wings". That is one of my pet
sermons. I hope you will read it.

I sent a copy of my book on
Friendship to Dr. James Stalker.
He says in reply: "It is a splendid
volume; and it is as beautiful with
as without. When I was reading on the
subject in preparing the chapter on
it in Imago Christi, I felt keenly
the lack of any full and Christian
treatment of it; and I congratulate
you on supplying this hiatus in Chris-
tian literature in a manner so ref.

present." I know that this will interest "you two" because of your interest in the book, and because of your love for the interest.

It must stop writing, but I shall keep on writing - both of you, as ever

Your very loving father-in-law,
H. J. Gray

Phil. Nov. 28, 1892.

Monday Eve.

My very dear Rob:

It is in my mind that you were coming
but I had not your address, and I
you had told me you were going to the
house, and I found it was you
you were. I had written to you
in the last week or so, and I had
a card to send you, but I had
not time to do so. I had
also written to you, but I had
not time to do so. I had
they reached you.

I am to be in New York - God willing -
to-morrow (Tuesday) night. I go to my
brother-in-law's Dr. Poole's, at 38 East 23d.
Street, where he lives, for the time being, and
am to be there until I can find a
more permanent home, and I am sure
- I shall be. I shall be
you, you is to go to me, and if you
there I have a pleasure in the sight of your
loved face. I have in the hope of this,
and I am

Yours very lovingly
H. J. Poole

I have a pleasure in the sight of your
loved face. I have in the hope of this,
and I am

The Sunday School Times

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Nov. 30 1892.

My very dear Rob:

I stopped off at 8th. Street in a snow-storm, yesterday afternoon, on my way to 23d. Street, hoping to get a sight of you; but you had not yet returned. My letter began and not been marked "Personal," and one of your young women type-writers spoke to me as if she had read it. If so, she found some loving words in it.

I was sorry to miss you; but I had a good talk with Mr. Dallas, and you were a main theme of discourse. I was delighted to hear of your influence in the entire Society, and of the power you show among them all. It is clear

to me that the Lord wanted you
just where you are, to aid His cause,
and to promote the missionary work
of His Church. He will give you
abundant success in your life and
labors. How grateful I am for the
privilege of loving you, and I do love
you very dearly, and I am near
and near.

Cross lovingly,

W. Gray Trumbull

Phil? Dec. 7, 1892.

Tuesday Evn.

My very dear Rob:

You grow dearer
each with every passing week,
and your love is more and more
of a joy to me. Your Saturday's
letter, which reached me Monday
morning, thrilled me with delight;
and I should have responded to it
before now if I had not feared seeming
to press for another loving from you
by writing so soon.

I am glad you approve my position
on Dr. Smyth's book. I am hearing
from both sides of the question. I thank
you for your loving words about it.

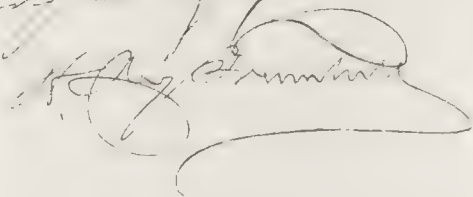
You see that my first page notes
gain not a little from your notes
here; as indeed everything that I
do gains from your character and
influence. I thank God constantly
for you.

Richard was in here to see me
a few minutes since. He tells me of
the good news from Princeton; and he

says you are to be there on Monday.
The Lord be with you in great
power.

I expect to go on my work with
Sister for that night, and you
we may see you in your office
before you start for Princeton. Possibly
our going thither will change his
plans. I hope to see you here this
afternoon.

Yours very lovingly



P.S. I was delighted to receive your
Studies in Acts. I went over the
book page by page with added interest.
Precious memories were stirred. I saw
and heard you again as at Northfield,
and I loved you more than ever.

2.
The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Dec. 7 1892.

My own dear Rob.:

Since writing you
an hour ago, a letter comes home
from Parker. He is to go over to New
York on Friday morning and see
you. I will - God willing - follow
in the afternoon, and look in at
your office to meet him there, or to
learn where he has gone.

I am so glad he is to be with you.
He is in a nervous unsettled state,
and I am sure that your steady-
ing mind and character will be of
great value to him. I love him
very dearly, and I wish I could do
more for him than I seem able to.
Yet I know that my years of
prayer for him, and of loving effort
in his behalf, are not to be without

a blessing from our Friend.
and now that I can pray for
good to you - through you I am
more hopeful than ever.

How good you are!

Yours very lovingly
W. Lloyd Garrison

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Dec. 12, 1892.

Monday noon.

My own dear Rob:

I am sorry to have given you a moment's trouble about that missing letter, and I thank you for your ^{loving} thoughtfulness in both telegraphing and writing me. You are always so good.

To my surprise, Saturday afternoon, I learned that my "copy" sent from New York was not yet here, and it was already time for the lesson-books to be made up. It occurred to me that possibly you had handed the letter to some clerk who had not mailed it. At all events the only way to look it up was to begin where I had last seen it. So I telegraphed you as I did. Within an hour the letter turned up, having been in the Philadelphia

post office twelve hours - as was shown by
the postmarks. At once I telegraphed you
again, but the second message evidently
did not reach you in season & I leave
your mind as I desired it.

How glad I am of the good news from
Princeton. I rejoice that you were there
on Friday evening. I gave your report of
the meeting to Sailer, who went back
this morning.

Yesterday was Communion Sunday
in our church. At the Saturday evening
wager meeting, Sailer spoke most im-
pressively. In showing how we ought to
feel about our dear Saviour's constant
presence with us, he spoke of the influence
of a true man friend's, and the joyous
sense of being with a friend. Then he
described you most beautifully, and told
of his feelings in your presence. It thrilled
me with joy, as I realized how true it
all was. I am so glad of your steady
influence over Sailer. I see the fruit
it continually. He is helped by you in
all ways.

Last evening I preached for Mr. Lane
who is suffering from a severe cold. Sailer

was pressed, as I was glad to have seen
that for my friendship I should have
written to you at that time. I write
now very hurriedly and very loosely
as

Yours in love

Elizabeth

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1131 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Dec. 19, 1892.

My dear Anna:

I am glad you liked my treatment of the Ten Commandments as a Covenant of Love. Until we realize that God not merely loves, but is Love, we fail of understanding them or of appreciating His dealing with us and with all His creatures.

I greatly enjoyed my call on dear Mr. St., when I met Parker at his office. A sight of him is an inspiration, as I am sure you will admit. The more I know of him the more I love him. He is a great rebirth man. I have a letter from him this morning, and it better fits me for my busy week of work.

My Charles is to be in Harris-
burg on Thursday of this week with
the Gale Glee and Banjo Club.
If we can, I know we will be
glad to call on you. But from
Rob's mention of his expectation
of seeing with you at Lakeside
on New Year's Day, I think you
may be away from Harrisburg.
If you are there, I know you will
give a greeting to your brother in love
for your father in love's sake.

The last editorial ^{is very} ^{agitated} ^{and}
paper for December 17 contains from
a letter of dear Rob - "a broad-minded
and warm-hearted Christian thinker."
In believing that we is all that and
a great deal more, you will agree with

Your loving father in love
O. P. Gray Funnell

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Dec. 19, 1892.

My very dear Rob:

Last evening I wanted to write you, but a gentle man came in to talk with me, and I had to give & lose the time I had intended for you. I knew that I oughtn't to begrudge him that time was much as he had a purpose in his call, and it was all in the Master's plan; but I did miss the chat with you.

This morning, however, brings me a dear letter from you, which would have passed my letter on the way if I had written; so now I acknowledge that in writing this forenoon before beginning my week's work. I have already written to dear Emma, telling her that my Charley is to be in Hornsburg on Thursday next, with the

CARING FOR CHRIST'S OWN.

It would seem to be natural that those who are Christ's followers, and so far are Christ's representatives, should give a chief place in their loving interest and in their loving labors to those who are peculiarly dear to Christ. Yet, as a matter of fact, Christian zeal and Christian effort are more likely to be shown in behalf of those who are not, than of those who are, Christ's. Is this state of things to be approved, or to be censured; to be rejoiced over, or to be deplored?

As a rule, Christian ministers are estimated according to their zeal and power in winning souls to Christ from the outside world, rather than according to their earnestness and efficiency in developing and training the spiritual life of those who are Christ's, and who have come out from the world. As a rule, Christian ministers think more of their work, in the pulpit and out of it, as tending to the increase of the number of the saved in Christ, than as tending to the increase of the measure of grace and of godliness in the individual members of their charge. As a rule, Sunday-school teachers are counted successful according to the relative number of additions to the church from their classes, rather than according to the added spirituality, and holy zeal, and Christian knowledge, in the church, through the upbuilding and enlargement of the scholars whom they care for. As a rule, Sunday-school teachers count themselves successful according to their power in winning scholars to a Christian decision, rather than their power in winning Christians to progress in the attainments of the divine life. As a rule, the popular standard of efficiency for both church and Sunday-school, for both pastor and teacher, is in the increase of membership, rather than in the increase of Christian graces in the members. Is this as it should be?

If there is one truth above another emphasized by Jesus Christ, for the guidance of his followers as his followers, it is that they should evidence their love for him by loving, and by ministering to, each other. The only "new commandment" which Jesus gave to his disciples was that they should "*love one another;*" not that they should love all others as they loved *themselves* (that was an old commandment), but that they should love one another as his disciples; loving one another above their self-love and above their love for their neighbors as their fellow-men. This new commandment was repeated in one form or another again and again to the disciples of Jesus; and it is of binding force on every one of his disciples to-day.

The test of fidelity to Jesus, as stated by Jesus himself, is a loving ministry to the disciples of Jesus as disciples of Jesus. "He that receiveth you receiveth me," he says to his disciples, "and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me. He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward. . . . And whosoever shall give to

drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, *in the name of a disciple*, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." In the great day of award the word of approval is to be: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of *these my brethren*, even these least, ye did it unto me." The threefold injunction of the risen Jesus to Peter, when the latter's love seemed in question, was: "Feed my lambs." "Tend [or, Shepherd] my sheep." "Feed my sheep." So all along in the teachings of Jesus, and in the teachings of his apostles after him; love for Christ is to be shown in loving ministry to those who are Christ's.

Every New Testament epistle is addressed directly to Christians as Christians; not to outsiders who ought to be Christians. And on the New Testament pattern of church work, every local church of to-day ought to direct its chief energies as a church to the upbuilding of its own membership in Christ. On the same pattern, every pastor as a pastor ought to direct his energies and efforts, both in and out of the pulpit, first and principally to the care of the flock over which he is set as an under shepherd of Christ. Similarly every Sunday-school teacher ought to recognize as his greatest responsibility the wise and faithful upbuilding in the love and knowledge of Christ of those little ones of Christ who are committed to his ministering charge.

It is true that Jesus Christ laid it upon his disciples to herald his gospel to all the world. It is true that every disciple of Jesus has a duty of proclaiming the news of salvation to sinners. It is true that love for Christ is to be shown in the effort to win others to the loving service of Christ. But all this is consistent with the duty of giving the first place in one's heart and in one's labors of love to those who already are Christ's. The church as a church is responsible for its own membership. The pastor as a pastor is responsible for those who are of his flock. The Sunday-school teacher as a Sunday-school teacher has an enlarged responsibility when in charge of those who are followers of Christ. And every Christian pastor, and teacher, and unemployed church-member as well, has a duty of preaching Christ at all times and everywhere, without lacking in surpassing love for those whom Christ calls his own representatives on earth.

It would be reason enough for pursuing this method of Christian work, that Jesus Christ himself has commanded it; even though we were unable to see any good ground for its preference by him. But the propriety and the desirableness of such a method are apparent to every reflecting mind. Force and efficiency are always to be measured by system and discipline and skill, rather than by numbers alone. A thousand men trained as thorough soldiers are more than a match for ten thousand men in a mob. An army is not made by successful recruiting officers merely. He who best instructs and drills the enlisted men settles the question of the practical worth of an army as an army. So it is with the soldiers of Christ; if one-tenth of them were what they might be, the evangelizing power of their organization as such would be ten times what it is. It has been said that the great want in the world to-day is not more *men*, but more *man*. Similarly it can be said that the great want in the Church to-day is not more Christians, but more that is Christian. "Herein is my Father glorified," says Jesus Christ, "that ye bear much fruit; and so shall ye be my disciples." Not more branches, but more on each branch, is the longing of the great Husbandman; not more of the disciples, but more in the disciples. The plan of church work which Jesus directed for his church, tends directly to the result which Jesus desires from the work of that church.

And as a proof of loving loyalty to an absent leader, what zeal in behalf of the cause he represents can compensate for a willful neglect of the members of his own household, whom he has committed to his followers' care? When a great man dies, to whom the nation owes a debt of gratitude, it is not enough to see that he has a monument erected to his memory, and that the work he loved still goes on; if his family is in want, that family must be provided for. It would be a sad mockery to claim that devotion to

the work which was dear to that great man's heart justified his admirers in permitting his children to starve before their eyes. Loving and loyal devotedness to Jesus, is shown in unswerving fidelity to the welfare of those whom Jesus asks his followers to care for. And the cause which is near to the heart of Jesus will best be promoted through faithful attention to those who are dear to the heart of Jesus.

He is an unwise farmer who is always buying new land and never half cultivating the land he owns. But there is a good deal of this kind of farming in the realm of the Christian Church. There are pastors who would be happier in noting an addition of twenty-five new members to their church, than in noting the enlarged spiritual life and the increased Christian devotedness of a hundred of the members already in their church. There are still more pastors who would feel it to be far better to add a hundred new members to their church, than to have the knowledge and the zeal of ten of their old members tenfold. Yet the cause of Christ would be more largely promoted by the uplifting of the standard within the church, than by extending the bounds of the church; and the injunctions of Christ would be better heeded by the effort to increase the fruit-bearing capacity of branches of the true Vine, than by the effort to multiply fruitless "suckers" on that Vine.

As with the pastor, so with the Sunday-school teacher. Many a teacher actually loses much of his zest in the care of a scholar who openly confesses Christ. An often-told story in our Sunday-school conventions, a few years ago, was of a teacher who came to her superintendent with the announcement and the inquiry: "All of my scholars are converted. What shall I do now?" Poor misguided soul! That teacher seemed to think that if a scholar was already a disciple of Christ, it would be a waste of the water of life to give a cup of it in that direction. As if the followers of Jesus had no rights that Christians were bound to respect! A young girl who had recently connected herself with the church was found in tears one Sunday noon, at the close of the Sunday-school session. A loving Christian worker questioned her tenderly as to the cause of her trouble. Her answer was, in substance: "I'm almost sorry I joined the church; for nobody seems to care for my soul now. Before I was converted my teacher was always ready to talk with me; but now I'm left outside, in the class." If that dear girl's teacher had heard that confession, she might have realized an added force in the warning of Jesus against those who offended, or who caused to stumble,—by misteaching or by neglect,—those little ones who already *believe on him*. Nor was the lesson of that incident to that teacher only.

A common Sunday-school aphorism is, "Conversion is the great end of Sunday-school teaching." And this aphorism has gained its currency because of the popular error of belief in the church, that when a person is converted his case is of less importance than before—in the field of the church. The aphorism ought to read, "Conversion is the very beginning—not the *end*, but the *beginning*—of Sunday-school work." For Christ's sake, for the church's sake, and for the scholar's sake, a scholar who has become Christ's ought to have added attention, with a larger measure of interest and of sympathy and of wise and faithful instruction, from his Sunday-school teacher, and from his pastor. *All* persons merit the care of Christians; pre-eminently those who are Christ's.

"So then, as we have opportunity, let us work that which is good toward all men, and especially toward them that are of the household of the faith."

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Dec. 22. 1892.

My dear dear Rob.

This is the busiest of weeks with me, but I think I am only the more conscious of my love for you from my inability to write as ^{fast} I would like to. I must however get time to wish you a ^{lovingly} happy Christmas before you go to your Strasbourg home; so I snatch a few minutes for that.

Edot and Michael called on me this week. They report a blessed state of things at Amiceton. How glad I am!

Memories of army life are revived in different ways. It was at this time of the year that I was in my first great battle. A letter came home last week

from one of my old soldiers, ^{now} in Maine, who
lost a right arm in that battle, and
he sent me his photograph.

Again, I saw a death reported this
week that touched my heart. There was
a right queer fellow in my regiment
whom I saw first in our hospital. I
sat by his side on Sunday afternoon
and talked with him about himself
and his Saviour. I took his hand
as I talked and patted his wrist,
as he lay on his cot before me. Tears
came into his eyes, and he was
much moved. Long afterwards he told
me that he cursed me when I had
left him - cursed me for taking advan-
tage of him and making him weak down
before them. (We were never by ourselves in
army life.) But he was led to the
Saviour, and when the war was over he
married, and named his first child
after me. And now he has entered
into rest. If only we improved every
opportunity to spread a word for the
Saviour, how much we might ac-
complish.

May these holidays - holy days as they
will be to you - prove refreshing to your
body, mind, and spirit! You can
rest in the thought that you are
loved dearly by them, by us and

by your loving father in love,
H. Ray Trumbull

Phil. Dec. 29, 1892

Thursday.

My very dear Rob:

Your letter of last Friday was a lovely one, with its right being over the pain of this last year of love. It helped me, and I thank you for it.

I had a dear good word from Emma, telling me of her meeting my Charley, and saying very kind things about him. Charley enjoyed seeing her very much.

Mr. Waller is having a hard fight for life, and his wife is sorely taxed. But they are both so brave and trustful. A letter comes from him to-day, which is just like him in its courage and humor and faith. Speaking of his weakness, at the end, he says: "I am full of hope for the future anyway. I have a fair chance to live, - and that will be good; and a pretty fair chance to live, - and that would open up the same

desire a new life. So it seems to be simply
a question as to which way I shall win.
It is what the boys call a "civich".
If you knew him in his practical life
of love and trust, you could better under-
stand these brave, cheery words, as ex-
pressive of his rare beliefs, & character.

Again he says: "I often think of
your relations to Rev. Spear, and I
am so thankful for that friendship.
I know that it gives you new hope
and strength, and that makes me
stronger too. God bless you both."

You will see from this how you
are bound up in my life, to the
concerns of those who love me.
I am ^{very} grateful for your love, and
I do love you very dearly.

Please give my love to dear Emma,
and know that your love is a priceless
treasure, as a gift from Him who is Love,

Yours most lovingly,

H. C. Crumwell

Phil?, Friday Dec. 30 1922

My own dear Rob:

I'm sure always better than my most loving thoughts of you. Your good letter of last evening was a glad surprise to me, and it came when I needed its words of love and cheer. I do thank you most heartily for it, and for the love which prompted it.

I am quite run down in health, and various things have conspired to tax me. I know all is well, but "the flesh is weak". Oh my depression, the dear Friend knows my need, and He sends help through you. I am so grateful to Him and to you. I thank Him, and take courage.

On New Year's morning (Sunday, this year) we have, at our church, a 7 o'clock prayer meeting. It is the earliest meeting of the year. Will doubtless, I think, have been present at every meeting of the sort, with one exception, since the series was again twenty

P.S. I want you to see an editorial I wrote for next week's paper on "The Struggle for Liberty" I think you will like it. I wrote it while weak, and with fever coursing in my veins, while my physician thought I ought to be at home sick.

His speaking & answering his call on you yesterday very greatly. You are an inspiration to him as you are to so many.

Sailer spoke to day & was delighted with that fifth Editorial note in our paper for December 17, on the danger & exact definitions of Religious doctrine. I told him it was based on a letter of yours, and contained a quotation from that letter. How much you do for others through your doing for me!

years ago. Next Sunday, morning
Sail. I like, I like it, and I
am thinking of it in advance, as
Mr. Dana asks me to take part
in it. It is proper to take Mrs. Mallet's
letter as my text. The new year opens
a new page. It is only a question as
to which way we shall win. We have
a sure thing of it, though the victor
goes with the victory.

At the meeting's close Mr. Dana reads
the list of the year's dead and your
church membership. The question is,
shall our faces glow in the next
year's meeting with the light of
victory, or shall our names be read
from the list of the glorified in Christ?
I shall have you and Emma in loving
thought in that evening hour of prayer,
with the kindest wishes for the happiest
year of your lives as denying even you,
and I shall be more lovingly than
ever your father, in love

Henry Brewster

1893

Phil. Jan. 6, 1892 (3)

Friday Eve.

My dear Mother:

Your letter just received is a real comfort to me. I needed it. I am suffering from a cold, with a sharp toothache. And I am lame and sore and weak from the strain of a fall on my jaw next yesterday. I feel heavily, and I am well myself, and strained in my wrist, and bruised my right arm, and it seems as if I had been pounded all over. My head aches from this fall, and my heart aches for the children.

Your kind words are a help and a cheer to me, and I do thank you for them, and thank the dear Father who prompted you in their writing. I don't see how you can love me, but I know you do, and I am very glad.

Your and Emma's wish that I should marry you, touches me deeply. I should like to be united in this way with your dear family, as my heart is linked with them both in love and faith. I do love you both very dearly.

It is good of you to say that you two would love to have me with you life long, and that you would it would be a privilege to share lives. When I feel, as so much of the time I do, that my

life has been so largely a failure. Through my reflecting & improve aught that of the kindness God has given me, it encourages me to find that one like you has been given me, from a added incentive to special service for the dear Master. The knowledge of His precious use of my imperfect life; and it gives me hope that in your larger better sweeter life real good may come from His work amongst me.

But as is any sketch of my life, I do not see how I could even think of it. I could tell a gathering of young men of God's blessing on my occasional work for Him; but I could not attempt any story of my life in such a way as to give the idea that it was a life of faithful work. I feel like the old minister in Maine, of whom I think I told you, who said, in answer to his son's request of him to write out his life story: "No, my son, I made up my mind long ago that if God wouldn't tell what he knows about me, I wouldn't tell what I knew about myself."

Yet I thank God and take courage, when I read the loving message from Emma and yourself. You are very, very good.

Last Sunday a Mrs. G. Bowles, who has been in my Bible class for a couple of months, said to me, that as I had spoken several times in my class about Robert Speer, she wanted to tell me how much she thought of him and his. I think she

is from Huntington, and that you will know
all about her. Of course I was drawn in a
special interest in her when I knew she knew
my Rob.

I saw a notice in a mag in Huntington,
during the hours of a newspaper. Was that
of your family? Every thing that affects you
affects.

Your very loving father in love

W. Ray Groundwell

Dr Lumbert

to

Rob.

Phila., Jan. 11, 1893.
Wednesday Ev.

My own dear Robt.

This morning I read with interest your article on Systematic Giving, in The Golden Rule. My assistant, Mrs. Palmadge, called my attention to it, knowing, as every one in my office knows, that a word from you, or about you, is dear to me.

I am writing but few Editorials in these days, as I am pressed with other work, and moreover I want to get time for my monograph on Egypt. On referring to an old paper this morning I came upon one of my Editorials written more than forty-two years ago, and I send it you herewith, not because there is anything in it fresh to you, but because it shows that long ago I held opinions on this subject which are dear to you, and which you press on others with such power. There is just the faintest suggestion in these words about our Lord's habit of one section of your grand sermon in

Dr. Mc Cook's church, on walking as
Christ walked.

My Charley has been home for a few
days, upon returning to Yale. He is now
back at his studies.

I had another fall on Sunday
evening, as I was chasing a man
to say a word for the Master. I think
I may see with Paul in this instance,
that "Satan hindered me"; don't you?

The thought of you helps me in my
work; and every thought is a word
thought. Had I love to pray for you;
for I am

Yours very lovingly,
R. C. Huntall

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Jan. 16. 1893

My own dear Rob.

Again a loving letter came from you just when I needed it most. I reached my home Saturday evening ^{fairly} tired out, and lacking strength even to go to my teachers' meeting as I was. The effect of my two falls was still depressing me, and the tax on my vital powers from this cold spell has been heavy. As I sat down at my table your letter came in. It gave me an electric thrill. Its loving words lifted me up, so that I went out to my work enabled to do what I had to do. How grateful I was to you! You good dear Rob.

But I woke down again after the teachers' meeting was over.

and I was sick all Saturday night
with a violent attack of cholera
morbus. I am very weak this morn-
ing, but very loving.

Waterbury has pleasant associa-
tions here. A Kinsman of Henry
Camp is there - Talcott H. Camp - an
elder in the First Presbyterian Church,
and President of the Jefferson County
National Bank. His son Fred was very
dear to me. I was, under God, the means
of saving his life. He now lives in Norwich,
Connecticut. He named his first son
for me. And Allan Dellen, pastor of the
First Church there, was my traveling
companion in the East. He visited Hades
Barnea with me. Indeed I shall
think of and pray for you this week,
and I know the dear Master will
use you to His glory and the inspiration
of others. Dear Rev. I wish I could
hear your lecture.

I am so glad you could see
with dear Emma on Sunday. Give
my love to her. You both are always

in my love and prayers, and I
am always of very

our loving father in love,

Wm. Brewster

P. S. My editorial in this week's
paper - "Hamp as a Doctor in Gaining"
was based on a talk I had with dear
Powers. I think it will interest
you.

Phil. Jan. 20, '93
Friday.

My own very dear Rob.

I was glad to know
of your next letter, when you were in at
the lecture. I loved to hear of and
forgive you up to the hour of your lecture, and
which is lovingly, I know in dear Father
blessed you.

Can send your love to Miss Alice and
Miss Katharine. Your sisters-in-law
are glad of your loving greetings, and
they give you love again; but they
will be glad to have you call. Think just
Alice and Katharine.

Alice by the way, is just now at her
uncle's Dr. William C. Prine. 38 East 23d
Street New York, with her aunt, Mrs. Ste-
ven. She will be there until Tuesday or
Wednesday next. I trust she would be glad
to see you, if you could find it convenient to
call, and I should be glad to have you see
my sister; but do not put yourself out in
order to make a call there. I merely speak
of the matter as "all in the family". You are
always, with dear love, in our petitions and

Wassie is a household name, and I love you
both, and I am ever more and more

I have just written a column for the
week's paper, and my own signature on the
last page. I loved him dearly. I hope
you will like the article.

I am regaining my strength. Mrs. Muller
is very weak. How good it is to trust in such
emergencies! I could not live except in
love that will not doubt, how good God has
been to me the last year. I am so much
stronger for his and his love in having
your love, and in being

Your loving father, in love
W. H. Furness

Phil. Jan. 26, 1893.
Thursday Eve.

My own very dear Rob.

It is well you didn't take the time to call on Alice, on either Monday or Tuesday evening, for she came home on Monday noon, cutting her visit somewhat short, but your pleasant words about your interest in her, as of your family in love, are appreciated by both of us, and I wish we could see you oftener in this home of yours.

I send you a new picture that may interest you. We have just had it taken at the request of friends. It is liked by those who have seen it.

To think that it is only a year that I have loved you so dearly! As you spoke of this in your loving letter which came 4 days, I turned to the pile of letters from you which are preserved lovingly, and I found it was just a year ago that I wrote proposing a call upon you, to talk over these missionary articles. That was the beginning of my new yearning to you. And dear Fatherland that I would get into trouble with you by an attempt to talk over matters where we might not be

a entire accord. But I knew you too well, and already loved you too deeply, to have a gas at that point.

And now it seems as if I had always loved you. I thank God that you can love me, and yet I joy in the privilege of loving you. It is a help ^{mercy} to love and love you as I do. It brings me nearer to Him and more in sympathy with His loving heart. I know He loves you, and I am so glad He lets me share His love for you.

It is yet only eight months since you told me of your love for Emma, and permitted me to write and tell her how glad I was. We know the beginning of these stories of love, but "the end is not yet" - there is no end.

I am glad to know of your plans for your new Bible class, and for your Sunday work. You may believe I follow you with love and interest constantly.

Last evening our church observed the day of prayer for colleges. Phil Howard spoke of the good work done in the University of Tenn., and Rob Field reported the wonderful work at Lawrenceville. I led in prayer for all our dear ones in all the schools and colleges. It was a delightful meeting.

Dear John Waller is very weak, and
very strong, weak in body, and strong in
courage and faith. He is a brave, noble soul,
an example to us all.

When I am anxious and sore vexed,
as now, I love to write to you, telling how I love you,
and resting in your love for me, which is an
comfort and an expression of His dear love.
and I am so glad to be more and more

lovingly
Your loving father in love,

Henry Cromwell

Friday Eve.

Jan. 27 '93.

Well I tell you, yesterday, dear Rob,
that Phil Howard was taken sick quite
suddenly at his office, and we would like
Lansdowne home, about noon? I heard
from him later as with a high fever; and
you will believe I was very anxious. He is
so much to me, in the Master's work I
am called to do, and that John Waller,
is wholly disabled, that it dazzes me to
think of his giving up also.

I took the case, and myself, to the
dear Lord, and asked his special help
in the emergency. I knew it could be
all right; but I felt very weak. I went
out there last evening, and again this
morning. It proves to be an attack of pleurisy,
but even that is better than I feared. God
has already given me aid and comfort, and
I am full of hope. But this is in pro-
spective, and I have extra work in con-
sequence. To-day my head is troubling me, with
dizziness. I don't want to burden you, but I
do want your help in prayer, and I know I
shall have it and be strengthened by a sense
of it. Don't stop to write to me, but just love
me a little harder, and pray for me as you work.

I shall feel your help and shall be uplifted
by your love and sympathy and prayers. How
grateful I am for your love just now. God is
very good to me.

By the way, I heard yesterday of dear
Sister at Trumbull, from an outsider. He has
been so much steadier and more useful there
since your letter to and talk with him. He
is quite a different man in his attitude toward
others, and toward the truth. I am sure
you will rejoice that you could do so much
for him. How much you do for so many. How
much you do for, and are to,

Your very loving friend,
Helen Trumbull

P. S. A letter just received from my
daughter Sophy brings very discouraging
news from dear John Wabbes. He seems to
be failing steadily. But his life is hid with
Christ, and we are all in union with him
in the life eternal.

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Jan. 28. 1893.

My own dear Rob:

It seems that you are having your special trials, while I am bringing mine upon you. I pray for a blessing on you and the dear ones of your home circle, in your great bereavement. Even when we know it is well with those who are taken, we miss them from their accustomed places, and a new sense of responsibility is on us as those of a former generation are removed, and we are brought thereby into the front ranks of life.

You will know that you have my loving sympathy, and that I am brought the closer by the privilege of knowing and sharing your loss.

Phil Howard is doing well with his plectrum. John Wattle's seems fairly

steadily. The dear ones here are
well. And I am more than ever.

Your very loving father in love,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

Phil. Jan. 29, '93.

Sunday Eve.

My dear dear Rob

Phil Howard has pneumonia. He is very ill. I have been out there to-day, with his family physician, Dr. Stryker, who takes his case in hand in place of the village doctor who was treating him. A trained nurse goes out there this evening.

How dark everything would be if the light did not come down straight from above! But the strong arm is a sure support, and the loving Heart is such a comfort.

I just want you to know how the case stands, with me and mine. I do value your love and sympathy. And I am

Your very loving friend
and father-in-law

H. Heydonville

Phil. Feb. 1/93

Wednesday, Eve.

My dear Rob:

The children
about the same. Dr. Pepper is in
consultation with Dr. [unclear] and
him to-night. He is a very sick
man; but he is not beyond the
help of the great physician.

I have seen a married man
this evening at Saratoga, and in
the case of our father, I am full
of hope, and I know that all is
well. What a comfort it is to have
a love that casts out fear! It is
in that love that I joy in a union
of your own, and that I am

Your very loving father in law,

A. Clay Trumbull

Phil. Dec. 3, 1893.

Friday

My dear Mrs. C.

Your good letter was
such a relief to me. I do value your
kind regards more than you can
know. I am strengthened by the thought
that you and your wife are together
in my dear wish your dear ones in
the time of need.

I am glad to tell you of good news
from the road. After five or six
days with the thermometer at 105° such
of an even, the temperature dropped to
normal. 98° yesterday, and has re-
mained a since then. Of course he is
very weak, and the disease is broken
and we may hope for his all recovery.
He will not however, be able to resume
work so soon as we. He will probably
live a long time.

When it aches is more comfortable
than a week ago, but we can hardly
think he is better. It is a comfort
to have him see from Paris.

Do I understand that you think
of living in Singapore? I shall be inter-
ested in all your plans of life. I shall
want to see my children-in-love in
their home wherever it is.

I write in haste, for my corre-
spondence is heavy now, and I have
much other work to do. I am
tired of the help of hard work as such
is done. I wrote an editorial yester-
day on the need of training, but I hope
will not come into view to you.

I am fuller than ever of love as
I am living, & ever in love

F. J. A. [unclear]

Phil. Oct. 9, 1893.

Thank you

My own dear Rob:

Your Saturday's letter
is an ever so lovely and a loving one, and
it cheered and strengthened me more
than you can know. I don't know how
I could bear up just now, in my weak-
ness, and in my extra work, and in my
special anxieties, but I don't know how
I help you out, but I know how to
help you out, that you are given
me a love and a love of just what
my need is greatest. It makes me love
him all the more; and oh, how dearly
I do love you!

Charles writes of your visit to New
Haven; but he didn't say whether or not
he met you personally. I hope he did.
He said of you warmly: "He spoke heartily
fully and helpfully this noon, and speaks
again tonight. He is certainly one of the
Lord's own." Indeed he is, and I'm
so grateful that the Lord sent him to
me and mine.

Phil Howard is forming a habit. He
was up, but he is still very weak

When I write, I realize, with a pang,
how much I have to write. I have
my daughter Gophy writes beautifully of her loving
father, and of his loss. The dear Service
is dead in his place.

But I can counsel a word of love or
of hope. I am sure of your love and
sympathy and prayers, and I am
telling you of my love for you, as

Your loving grand mother in love

F. C. [Signature]

Thurs. Dec. 17 1898
Friday Ee.

My own dear Rob:

Charley wrote me
about your loving way with him
at New Haven. He was much touched
by it, I don't know that I mentioned
it again, as I spoke at first of his
saying that he heard your moon ad-
dress, but had not yet seen you
never. How good you are, and how
I love you!

Your Wednesday's note was a
loving love-letter. I got an editorial
note out of it for others, besides the
good I got for my own help and
cheer.

I quote you with a recent remark
of yours about the weather. It is the one
thing that is wholly of God's choosing
for us, without our having a part in
its shaping. Yet we are proud & con-
fident of 'et than of anything that we
are connected with. It seems true so
unfair inward our dear Father.

Just now we are having a snow storm that looks as it might be a big fall. But this is good weather, of course it is.

I wrote an editorial for next week's paper on "A Foot Measure," that I want you to read. I would like to know how it strikes you.

Will Harris of Princeton is here at my house, for a short visit. Sailer was in town over Sunday. I wish you could be here. By and by I trust you and Emma will be here together. How delightful that will be! And I hope you can be here even before then. Isn't there a possibility of this?

Mr. Matties is a little more comfortable; yet without any material gain. Phil Howard is decidedly better.

Mr. Moody was here to see me last Saturday. Perhaps I mentioned it.

I am as in my leaving thought all the time, and all the time I am

Your loving friend and father-in-law
K. C. Summell

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Feb. 22, 1893.

My dear dear, (Feb.:

I am glad
Sailer was with you. It does
him good to see you, and I
rejoice in your influence over
him.

Charley's 21st. birth day
occurred on Monday. He was
with us at home. He voted
yesterday in a city election,
beginning his political life by
voting for a ^{clean} Democrat - for
our Select Council against
a corrupt Republican; but
the Republican was elected. It
was a good start in political life,
however, to show independence
of judgment and action.

I hear with a thrill of
delight that you are in
in Philadelphia soon. Will
you not come to you own
home, as a matter of course?
Alice and Katharine, and
Rob and May, are quite ex-
cited over the prospect. Please
let me know when you are
coming. I will ~~try~~ ^{try} to meet
you at the station this time.

Yours very lovingly,
Wm Lloyd Garrison

M. S. Phil and Annie got off
at 8 o'clock yesterday. Mr. Sew-
ard has sent me a sketch of the
Amherst work for my personal
perusal. How I regret in that
work, and in your good part in it.

Sunday Ev.

Feb. 22 '73.

My own dear Rob:

Of course you ought
to attend to these matters of duty on
Tuesday, instead of coming home. I hope
I shall never stand between you and
duty. That would be a poor show
for love. I want you to be all your
best and do your best always; and
my prayer is that ^I may help and not
hinder you in that direction.

But I shall be glad to see you and
kiss you, as I hope to, and I trust to
get a clasp of the hand with you. And
I am sure of your love, as you are sure
of that of
Your very loving friend
and father-in-law,

Wm. Lawrence

Phil., March 2 '93.

Thursday aftⁿ.

My own dear Rob:

It was good to see and hear you on Tuesday evening. I repeated some of the main points of your address, in a talk I made at our church prayer meeting last evening, giving you credit for them, of course. I was particularly impressed by that thought of yours about going to China, as a Minister of the United States Government, or as a Minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. I also liked that story of the child's evening prayer. I told both of these to our people.

There was a paragraph in that letter from Mattie, which I had not time to read to you. He said: "I wish you would tell me more about yourself. Is Speer the same strong friend? I would like to know that the friendship is stronger than ever. I want to be sure

That you have the company
of human friendship near at
home. I don't want you to be
lonely, as you might be with
thousands of friendly people
about you.

I told him, in reply, how good
and loving you are, and how much
you are loved. I wish I could be
nearer to you, in the way of loving
service and help. Yet I know
you cannot love in itself a help.

It is beautiful to see the power
of Christ in such a life at such
a time, as shows itself in Wattles.
And what a joy to realize that
his life in Christ is a life we
also share.

Yours very lovingly

W. H. Chamberlain

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

March 7. 1893.

Tuesday

My own very dear Rob:

I am afraid you are overdoing in your Sunday work. Do you have any rest day in each week? I thought, when I became a Sunday-school missionary that, as my time was now wholly the Lord's, I could work seven days in the week. I kept on a little more than a year in that way, and then my brain gave out utterly all at once.

I then had to rest just about as many days - in absolute rest - as I had worked Sundays. And, since that lesson, I have taken one day a week for rest from intellectual work. I use it in fraternal visiting or in some kind of other work than my six days of regular work.

Man is so made that he can do more in six days than in seven, and so the Sabbath is made for man.

Your loving letter of Friday afternoon was such a blessing to me. I am so grateful for your love and its expression, and it does so much for others through me, as the reflection of His love. It aids in keeping me up, and in helping me upward.

Dear Walter seems to be dying. I am hourly expecting the announcement of his death, yet he may linger on in the struggle for days. He is so restful in Christ, and so is his dear wife.

I do want to see you and see you for a few hours. When are you in town, and at your office? Can you let me know of your plans for this week and next, so that I may see if I can catch you on the fly? At all events I can love you very dearly, whether I see you or not, and I am always
Your very loving father in love

Phil. March 10, 1893.

Friday Evening,

My ever very dear Rob:

Your dear good letter of last evening was a joy to me this morning, and its loving source is a joy to me all the days.

I wanted to see you on several little matters, and as Alice was going to New Haven yesterday for a little visit, I thought I would go over to New York with her, and my mother and sister. I sent you my telegram. "But I am so glad you were with Emma. I would give you up anytime if you could have an added hour with her, then union with her is such a delight to me. It was some time wedding that I wanted to speak, in my own mind; but there is 'time enough for that yet."

I am glad you are full of work, as you are full of love; but I don't want you to do too much work, and I've no fear of any one's loving too much.

Your words about the matters are very sweet and very cheering. I shall miss her as long as Sophy for her comfort, and if Tom is still "in the land of the dying," he

also will be there.

I am watching, however, for news from him at any hour, with the final message about us here and how things stand. That he is well, and his dear wife is ready, and I am ready, we would not be scuttling away, or out of Christ?

Yours in warmest love

Wm. W. Brewster

Phil., March 14, 1893.
Tuesday Eve.

My dear dear, Col.

I send you by mail
a copy of the new edition of my Blood Cove-
nant. I know that you are familiar with
the work as a whole, but the Supplement
to this edition contains important fresh matter,
as meeting some of the criticisms of my earlier
positions. I think you will be interested in
the mass of argument of the Jewish and early
Christian origin of the truth, that the
virtue of the sacrificial offerings was in the
life, not in the death of the victims. I have
great comfort in the truth, that, in the Lord's
Supper, I reach out after more life in Christ;
instead of bringing to mind his death.

The Critical Estimates of the book, as given at
the close of his volumes, was also in part
at all events I want to give you anything and
everything I can put in public, as you have
always so large a share of my self.

Letters from my daughter & my report do
notables as having ruled a little, you do wisdom
weaken, and very likely a ^{little} ~~little~~
layer with us. We all know that the dear Lord
will do just what is best, and in the best way.

Are you & or in New York next week
or in time, or away? Wherever you are we will
have the love of
Yours very lovingly,
E. J. Townsend

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

117, Market St., Philadelphia

March 21, 1893.

My very dear Rob.

How I love you!

How I love to think of you, to
pray for you, and to love you!

I am planning to be in New
York to-morrow (Wednesday), I
hope to call on you about 10 o'clock,
and then to make an appointment
to lunch with you. Do not let
me hinder you in, or keep you from
your work. But let me love
you, and have a sight of you, and
a grasp of your hand, and see
you as I can at a convenient
time of you. And know that I
am very truly

Your father in love and friend
H. Gray Sumner

Phil., March 22, 1873.

Wednesday

My very dear Rob:

After I had written you yesterday - my suspicion of being in New York today, I got your letter saying you were to be with dear Emma: I was so glad for you both that you could be together.

At midnight a telegraph from Boston told me that dear John had "passed away very peacefully" in the morning. I am so glad for him, although we shall sorely miss him.

Brother John will reach here Saturday night, and his funeral will be in the Church on Monday afternoon.

I am sure your sympathy and love, and I am,

Yours very lovingly

W. F. Johnson

Hil. March 26, 1893
Sunday Eve.

My dear Mr. C.

It was so glad you
sent my letter. It helped me
to nothing else could save me.

Sophy came home yesterday
noon. She is strong and cheery in
her faith, and sees only the right
side of the Holier's dealings with
her. She says God was never repre-
sented as ever as he has been these
four or five weeks, and now she re-
spects in his loving care and minis-
try.

I would like to ask a special
interest in your prayers. Two of
the prominent athletes - William
and Markham are here, teaching. One
of them (William) is an earnest Chris-
tian. The other is a man of good moral,
but says he cannot believe in Jesus Christ,
although he would like to. Mr. Williams's
suggestion he is to come and see me and

reading this week & talk on the subject.

How I am helpless in this matter except
as God may send a message to him through
me. Now you dear Rob, pray that I may
be lovingly open to God's influence, and
may be in the power of the Spirit as I meet
this work? I know you will, and I shall
be the stronger for this service in consequence.

Yours very lovingly, very gratefully
Wm. W. W.

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

March 27. 1893.

Monday Morning

My own very dear Ed:

This morning brought me another loving letter from you - unexpected, but doubly welcome on that account. I do thank you with all my loving heart

It would you to read this sketch of dear John, before it reaches you in the pages of my paper. I know it will come home to your heart - out of mine.

Dear Sissy tells me of her talks with dear John in all these weeks, as showing how he realized that death was only an incident in his life. She says that about ten days before he died he asked her whether she had found out if there was an undertaker at Braidentown, the worst village; for if there was not she would have come to Tampa, and he didn't want her to be hurried or worried.

Emma is asked the Doctor to make
out his bill to date, so that he could
sign a check for it. The doctor only
called twice after that, I think. He
did the same with their board-bill,
and other items; and he had sent
for cash for her from our office, so that
she could have plenty of ready money
when he could no longer sign checks.

He was ^{this} thoughtful and considerate
of others to the last, and ^{to was} joyous and faith-
filled, as he looked forward and upward.
He was worthy of you as you walked in love
and he loved you very dearly. I am touch-
ed by his frequent loving mentions of you, as
I look over his letters of the last winter.
I believe that he is interested in your
and Emma's life of love; for although we
know little of the occupation of the redeemed
we are told that the believers are "as angels,
in heaven"; and are not all the angels "mini-
ature spirits, sent forth to do service for the
sake of them that shall inherit salvation?"

How glad I am that I am so near and
dear to you and Emma, and that I can hope
to see you and dearest to both of you, as

Your very loving father. in love
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

P. S. March 31. 1873

Friday Ev.

My own very dear Est:

Your loving letters are a great help to me, at this time when I so need help. Aside from the loss of dear John, I have a sense of new responsibility for Sophy and her four boys, and for the business in which John was the all important partner, and for the training of new helpers in and for the work.

I am sure of my loving Father's help, and of the Spirit's guidance, and of the dear Saviour's constant presence and sympathy, and I know that all will be well. Yet God helps by human means, and the love that is a reflex of His love is one such a means of strength and cheer. Your assurances of love gladden my heart, and encourage me in my struggle, and I am the stronger for the sense of your love. I do thank you for the good letters you have written me, and for the loving thoughts and prayers that you give us and for me all the time. You are my very dear Est. I thank you so much.

It had a very pleasant visit with
Sister, and I am glad he can tell you he
enjoyed it. I have a loving interest in
him and in his plans & life work; and
I feel strongly for him because of your in-
fluence over him.

I am getting Sophy into a new home,
& begin a new phase of life; and she is
brave and trustful for her work.

I want to see you when I can
have a convenient opportunity before the
wedding. Can you tell me when you are
likely to be in New York either the next
week or two, that is when you are likely
to be there for a day or two? I hope to run
over for a day, in order to see you.

You are doing so many & so
little class work, and in your various
addresses, in addition to what you do at
your office; and you are enriching so many
of other life as the outflow of his life. I am glad
that I have so much of your life as

our very loving father-in-law
and our very loving friend.

Very truly yours,
Raymond

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

April 11, 1893.

My very dear Rob:

It was such a pleasure to see you and Emma on Saturday. A few hours later I was taken with a severe sore throat, and I have been under medical treatment until to day. I was much run down with the pressure of various duties on me, and therefore I could not resist the attack of disease with the same vigor as ordinarily; but I am, I think, all rights again.

I shall be so glad to have Emma's part in the service, making the offering

prayer and concluding with
the Benediction. I will, if
you approve, write to him about
it, sending a copy of the service
as corrected, which will be ready
to-morrow or Tuesday.

Phil and Anne are ex-
pected home this afternoon.

I hope you and Emma can
stop over for a visit with us, before
you settle down at Elizabeth.
It will bring a blessing to our
home - yet mine.

Yours most sincerely
H. May

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

April 13, 1893.

My own dear Rob:

It was so glad
to hear again from you, and your
letters always help me.

I have written to Dr. Stewart
in as loving and confident way
as I could write, asking his approval
of my coming into one of his loved fami-
lies to assist at a marriage service,
as in a peculiar sense one of that
family, and hoping he will show his
sanction of my presence by giving his
presence and cooperation.

I send him a copy of my
marriage service, and request him
if agreeable to himself to make the
opening prayer, and to pronounce
the Benediction. I hope this will be
pleasant to him and to you.

I think I shall run up
Harrowby on Wednesday evening,
and be at the hotel over night,
ready for service in the morning.

I hope you and Emma have
that plan in mind of visiting
your Phil's home, before settling
down in Elizabeth. It will be so
good for all of us, and we shall
love you all the more for it.

Yours most lovingly
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

4103 WALNUT ST. Phila.

April 14, 1893.

illey very dear Emma:

We all want to send a little reminder, a great deal of love for you; therefore I make up a package of loving reminders from the several members of your family in love.

You will see that I have made a selfish choice in my gift; for I want to be sure and have a place at your new home table, if I drop in upon you unexpectedly, as I am likely to at any time in the future.

I send the package by express, and the letter by mail. I hope to see you on Thursday; for I trust you will not fail to be at home when I call on that day.

Meanwhile, and always, I am

Lovingly your father in love,

Wm. H. Raymond

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

April 14. 1893.

Friday Eve.

My dear very dear Rob.

I have just sent a loving note to dear Emma, and a package by express containing several tokens of love from the members of her Philadelphia family. And now I want to say words of love to you, and I send with these words a little chart of our Friend's footsteps on earth, that may be new to you. I thought of you as soon as I saw it, as almost everything brings to mind a part my love for you, and I wanted to send it to you.

And my dear love goes with it, yet abides with me also; and I am

Ever yours most lovingly

H. Lloyd Garrison

Phil. April 16 1893
Sunday Eve.

My very dear M. B.:

I wonder whether you are at Harrisburg to day. You will be on Thursday. I am pretty sure. I look to seeing you there.

I had a pleasant letter from Dr. Stewart yesterday. He recalls my writing him some time ago, and welcomes me heartily to his parish.

Sailer is here to day. He takes the evening train to Harrisburg on Wednesday, and there at 10:20. I think that Alice and I shall take the same train and we shall all go directly to the hotel. I did think of going earlier but this seems better.

Full of love for you, I am more and more

Lovingly yours

Wm. H. Bramwell

Phil., May 4, 1900
Thursday

My own dear A. C. C.

Besides the delightful memories that you and Emma left in our home, when you went away from here, we found a New Testament of yours, and a handkerchief of Emma's, that we think we had as in return of leaving with us. I forwarded them by registered letter, this afternoon, by our office address. I hope they will reach you safely.

We did enjoy your visit exceedingly. All of us felt we were at home here, and our hearts seemed drawn out, feeling in loving measure. What a growth of love between us all has been given a God - who is Love - within a single year past! And how much more of love here is a seed sown, not in us, in the grass that we are about us.

We look for many such a visit from you, as you pass hither and thither between Harisburg and Elizabeth. And the more we can see of you the more we shall love you; for that is love's way.

Thurs. May, 10 '93.

My very dear Rob.

It is good to hear from you again. I didn't know but your new life was so good that you were unable to turn back to old loves, and old correspondences; but I am glad to see that I am not counted out from your new and larger and more enjoyable double life; and I hope I shall be privileged to share in the joy of your "better things to come".

We have had a busy time, celebrating Dr. Dana's twenty-fifth year of pastorate, this week. On Sunday he gave a historical discourse, and the neighboring pastors gave him their greetings. On Monday evening the congregation gave him a welcome; and I was designated as the mouth-piece of the flock, in presenting a eulimoniaal address. On Tuesday evening Dr. and Mrs. Dana gave a reception in the

church Sunday school room. It was a very pleasant affair.

Paier came back from Princeton to attend this. His student life there is, as an end. A new beginning before him. I trust that he may be led wisely, and that he will follow willingly as God leads. I suppose you will see him at Washington next week.

I am deeply interested in all that concerns your new life in your new home with dear Emma.

Just now I am very getting my daughter Sophy settled in her new home near me.

With love to dear Emma, I am ever
and

Your very loving father-in-law
Wm. E. Furbull

4103 WALNUT ST.

Phil?

May 15, 1893

Monday Aft?

My very dear Bob:

My telegram this morn-
ing may have surprised you, but I presume
that you will have understood,
a sentence, the cause of it sending.

Dear Ingers has been very much disturbed,
in a week or more; and he was inclined to
act rashly. Under the circumstances, I could
not follow him in the matter. I could
not follow him and then, last evening, on his
own accord, he told me that he found he had
been acting on a hypothesis which he now learned
was a false one. But even yet I could see that
he was not in mental poise, and he admitted
that that was the case.

I see he told me that he was going to New
York to consult two persons, not telling me who
they were; and I was not a bit rashly,
in a way that he should. I was well aware
that you were one of the two he would consult, and
I telegraphed to you as I did.

Did not know what he had said to me,
and I cannot speak fully in explanation
of my anxiety. But knowing who was

I. I will explain a few things. I am
convinced by a number of people, and I have
a feeling of some responsibility in it, as a man for
the cause. The justification for my action is that
he indicated that he should ^{count} the approval of his
action, by the friends he called on, as a man
standing in the decision of a move abroad.
I have this of you was a word and would be true to
some of the words. I have seen the man
I am convinced that the word will lead in this thing;
and he never misleads.

be
and in no less, and having ^{that} ~~not~~ ^{but} only
a partial knowledge of the facts involved in that
case, I want to venture a word of loving counsel
to you, as a coming conclusion in view of the case
as the way presents it.

I do not blame the dear fellow, I only see
his ^{very} ~~very~~ ^{unhappy} ~~unhappy~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{strong} ~~strong~~ ^{feeling}
in a matter where he ^{is} ~~is~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{error} ~~error~~ ^{as} ~~as~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{particular}
I am glad that he was ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{your} ~~your~~ ^{council}.

I indeed do not see ^{any} ~~any~~ ^{one} ~~one~~ ^{with}
reasons of your course ^{but} ~~but~~ ^{is} ~~is~~ ^a ~~a ^{surprise} ~~surprise~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{me}
I merely ^{am} ~~am~~ ^{convinced} ~~convinced ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{you} ~~you~~ ^{would} ~~would ^{approve}
the ^{clear} ~~clear~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{wise} ~~wise~~ ^{if} ~~if~~ ^{you} ~~you~~ ^{were}
asked the ^{facts} ~~facts~~; and that I will ^{gladly} ~~gladly ^{make}
clear to you any point on which you may wish
I will ^{be} ~~be ^{glad} ~~glad ^{to} ~~to ^{see} ~~see~~ ^{you} ~~you~~ ^{at} ~~at~~ ^{any} ~~any~~ ^{time}
at ^{any} ~~any~~ ^{time} ^{if} ~~if~~ ^{you} ~~you~~ ^{wish} ~~wish~~ ^{it}
I shall ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{glad} ~~glad ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{see} ~~see~~ ^{you} ~~you~~ ^{at} ~~at~~ ^{any} ~~any~~ ^{time}
if ^{you} ~~you~~ ^{wish} ~~wish~~ ^{it}
I shall ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{glad} ~~glad ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{see} ~~see~~ ^{you} ~~you~~ ^{at} ~~at~~ ^{any} ~~any~~ ^{time}~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Dear ^{Towers} ~~Towers~~ ^{may} ~~may~~ ^{not} ~~not ^{have} ~~have~~ ^{given} ~~given~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{you}
directly as to the cause of his present ^{reversal} ~~reversal~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{his} ~~his ^{views} ~~views~~.
If he has not, my words may be far from
clear to you. But, in any event, I am so glad
that you stand just as you do in the
service of God in your situation is ^{very} ~~very~~ ^{valuable} ~~valuable ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{me}
I am
42~~~~~~

I am
42

Wm. L. Garrison

He can not think of me, and he is
of a ^{providence} all shall surely be done to
me so surely I shall be satisfied,
and not as you would say all things
impossible.

I am so grateful to you for this,
and for you, I feel how much I ought
to be in a ^{me} happy, and I am loving
that you are with you, so that I can
see as you see and you, perhaps,
in the line of making my father see
less, and this is only the phase of ^{great} you,
seeing a great love.

I do love you, you and yours, and I am
more and more lovingly

Your loving father in love
T. W. Franklin

This morning
May 12 1842

My very dear Robt.

Your good letter reached me Saturday. I thank you for it; written as you say, by a true and loving heart. I wrote by you in case of the Clerk of the General Assembly, last week. I wonder if it reached you.

Dear Powers started with his Mother, for England this morning. He is in good spirits and in good spirits - he has calmed down, and is waiting to be led of God. He told me all about his walk with you, and you know his letter gave you. The more I thought of it the more I am convinced that you can realize. You know the means of studying in a real sense - the things that rings about his face of God & his love.

Powers has read last evening with me reading one of his sermons, and counselling with reference to it. He is to preach to us on the second Sunday evening in June - Communion & such like will be the first sermon in our new church.

For I believe an address in General Assembly on Wednesday, I shall be with you

completely as planned, and the Lord will & will
you as you stand in the

Alice, Ed and Annie, and Thomas
were in Washington on Saturday, at the wedding
of one of our cousins Miss Grace Gullander to
Thomas Reddick of Williams College they will
have liked to see you and Emma so would I
like to see you both. I love you both and I

am
Your very loving father in love

Wm Gray

Phil. May 26, 1873

Dear Mr. May

My dear Mr. May:

How glad I was of your
success on Wednesday! One of the other
delphia papers describing it said it
was a very eloquent address, and that
it surpassed all the expectations,
and was an admirable paper.

Whether you would have me,
and I was really proud of you; but I
fear my time will give me
saying so. ^{that} I may say very
kind words, for every time I think
of it, and I thank God more than ever
for you, and for the privilege of loving you.

I know that all the proceedings
of the General Assembly are according
to your wish; and I am all the more
glad that you had an opportunity of
bearing the weight of its members -
I know that had your heart, and that
the weight of bearing theirs.

I pray for you, and for your
welfare; and now I thank God for the Bless-
ing you had, and were, and are. How I love you!

Dear - Please write to me
soon and let me hear from you
and please write to me soon
and please write to me soon

Love and
affection

Yours truly
A. J. [Signature]

Phil. June 6, 1893.

Tuesday, P.M.

My own dear Rob:

Your last letter from Washington was real good, and I was very grateful for it. And now the General Assembly has done its work, and you are able to take hold of other phases of our dear Lord's work.

I'm well soon or off to Northfield. But you will enjoy. I wish I could be in your Bible class. But I am glad that Fowers and Charley can be there.

Dear Fowers is to preach for the first time in his home church next Sunday evening. This will be quite an occasion for him, for his mother, and for me.

I want to talk with you about plans for the next year in my paper in behalf of the missionary cause.

I want a series of articles from
the foreign field, and a series in
the line of giving information about
that field, as also inciting to endea-
vor in its behalf. I would like
your counsel in arranging for these.
When could I see you in New York,
before ^{you} go to Northfield?

I hope I may do something
in the line of your work, as the dear
Lord's work; and I want to keep
in touch with you to that end, as
well as because I love you so
dearly.

With love to dear Emma,
I am her and your

Very loving father in love

H. L. Armstrong

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

June 5, 1875.

My very dear Rob:

How glad I am of your well deserved promotion! I am glad for you and Emma, but more glad for the Missionary cause. It was with me that cause when you were called by our ^{depr.} ~~own~~ place, than our Commissioning of fifty missionaries. I do thank our Father in Love for the work he is doing through you, and for the blessing he is making you & others.

I received to-day an invitation to address the Young Women's Conference at Northfield; but as it is Yale's Commencement week, and was Charles' graduate, I can hardly think of accepting the invitation. Yet I would like to be with you and Emma there.

I, you would really like to have
me have a night with ^{you} at your
home, instead of my seeing you in
Boston, I should be glad to arrange
it. If you will all the while it
would be every way convenient for you
to have me here I will try to return
in time.

I am to conduct the service in
our Church next Sunday evening,
when Mr. Knowles preaches; as
Dr. Dana must be absent.

With me & Dana

Yours most truly
H. J. [unclear]

Phil. June 14, 1893.

Wednesday Eve.

My own dear Rob:

Thinking that dear Powers is going over to pass to-morrow night with you, I postpone my visit till next week.

Powers did admirably on Sunday night. His sermon was thoughtful, earnest, sensible, and practical. It interested and impressed young and old alike. I was too glad that his first service as a preacher in his home church took such a hold on the hearts of his hearers. God has a mission for him, and I rejoice in the thought.

I will let you know of my coming in due season.

Yours and Emma's

loving father in Christ

Wm. W. Brewster

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia

June 19, 1893.

My own dear Rob:

I telegraphed you this morning that I would see you to-morrow at your office. I intend to go to New York by the 7:30 A.M. train. Perhaps I can lunch with you, and I will stop at Elizabeth on my way back, if the trains are convenient for that, or not, just as it suits you.

That is, I hope to see you about 11 A.M. Then if I can go home with you for a few hours at the time of your return in the afternoon, and get back to Phil^a before midnight - all right.

Yours very lovingly
H. C. Brewster

4103 WALNUT ST.

Phil^a

Nov 2, 1893

My, very dear Rob and Emma.

I have been thinking of you this morning as you sit in the comfortable breakfast room and I have looked into your eyes and seen something and with your heart which I know was at Northfield that I first saw dear Emma, and then I saw you and I know in all this I, dear Rob's noble nature and loving death. Northfield is rich with sacred memories and precious associations of us; and I look forward to a place in the "Northfield corner" of heaven with your dearest ones by my side. Meanwhile I find comfort in the thought of all that it is doing in the case of Northfield for and with and through those who are so dear to him and to me.

I have wanted to tell you how much you did for me at your dear home in Elizabeth, on Tuesday last; yet I cannot really tell you, for no words can express it. But oh, I have been so grateful, and I have thanked my dear Father in love so earnestly. I was peculiarly depressed and not without reason. On Tuesday I had such a sense of loneliness and of failure. I wanted to ask a favor, dear Rob saw eyes of this in his office as he

Anna said in season & unless indeed she retained
her general duties and constraint. But still you
pressed me so lovingly and spoke such words
with cheer and told me so fervently of the blessing
and in your affection and confidence, that you seemed
as you were and are very ministers of His to give comfort
and cheer to one who reached out toward Him for the
help that only He could give a sinner. He knows how
much you did for me and how grateful I was and am.

That name in Elizabeth is now very dear to me.
Place at the home-table is one I shall come to in
thought many times more than I can come to ^{it} in bodily
presence and it ^{will} be visited and refreshing ^{to me} always. And
that spot & the window in the library, with its outlook on the sea
shore, now delightful it is to me in my memory & that bright
hour, are just dearer to me, as she spoke so truly of the
place ^{that} ^{loved} ^{her} ^{husband} has in their hearts and their home
and in our dear word on every remembrance of it.

You can hardly realize, I think how much comfort
it is in my life, how it cheers and inspires me and how
it incites me to ceaseless endeavors to be worthy of it, and how
true to Him who was secured it is me. I may seem to dwell
on it unwisely; but it is a priceless blessing to me, and
I want you to know it.

It wish I could see you at Northfield, and I
assure you you will be much in my thoughts and prayers
and love while there. Some of my dear ones will be with
you, and the one who is dearest of all will be always there.
Love them, your both and each, frogs

Your very loving father, in love,
J. J. Sewall

Phil: July 4, 1893.

My dear Mr. C.

I have refrained from writing often to you at Northfield, lest I should seem to be asking letters from you. But I have seen with you every day. I have seen that dear look of yours across the dining table, which first took a hold on my heart & nerves. I have watched you give light and aid in your Bible Class, as you did of our dear Saviour's love. And I have felt your loving heart & seat, as you pleaded for Him in prayer, and in His love while repeating His instructions, to these students in Stone Hall.

How I wish I could make these visions a reality, and be with you at times in body, as I so often am in spirit. But this is not a possibility. I thank you for your loving letter, with its affectionate assurances from yourself and Emma, and with its reports of doings and sayings at Northfield.

I do hope and pray that you may see in your study some happy learners. I realize what the blessed Saviour was, in the several phases of His life and character as you present them in your series of Bible

lessons, out what you may, the means of
quickening their apprehensions, and the
to those who are willing to live in them,
and of them, and for them.

As I look back now upon my varied
experiences in all these forty years, and
conscious service for them, and see what has
been done for me in every emergency, and in
every need, and in every case I feel
that the young men could only recognize
in prospect what I perceive in retrospect,
they would be more earnest, and more
devoted and more useful, and more
seriously joyous at the thought of what
is theirs in Christ, than they can be as
things are to them.

This month of July brings back the
stirring memories of ^{just} thirty years ago - when
in the hour of battle, while facing death;
and in the weary night march over the
wet marshes, and in the tangled swamps;
and while a prisoner in the subterranean
cell; and when in solitary confinement and
facing the gallows; and ⁱⁿ hunger and thirst
and loneliness; and when hearing of death
in my home household; when every thing ^{of death}
tried me or burdened me, - then my Saviour
was all in all to me, so comforting, so satisfy-
ing. I wish that others might know how
near he was to me, and would, I believe, all,

And so in all times of struggle and trial
and weariness and doubt and bereavement and

believe, that a lifetime, he has never parted
me, never let me lack, he never fails any ^{truly} _{soul}.

I wish, I say, that I could bear testi-
mony to his love and his lovingness, for
me here, in your presence, in some manner
commensurate with his doings in my
life in all these years, a new life course,
and in some proportion, what I feel in
my heart in appreciation, but I have
not your power of soul expression in witness
of this love, but I do believe that my
many years more of its experience
gives me as full a heart in apprehension
of its preciousness. Therefore I pass this
testimony on to you, that you may, make
my past a success, in saying such
words for him as I have wished could
be said.

That he may fill your heart, and
open your lips, and speak out in your
words, dear Rob, to the receptive of your
student audience as given, held as sacred,
is the earnest heartfelt prayer of

Your very loving father in love,

F. J. [Signature]

Love to dear Emma.

The Sunday School Times

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

July 6, 1893.

My very dear Rob:

I have just finished an Editorial, and it strikes me that its thoughts will interest you; so I send a proof just fresh from the press.

You are an inspiration to me in all my thinking and writing, and I owe much of my best work to you. I hope you will at least feel my sense of glowing gratitude to you.

I am so glad my Charley is at your table, under your and Emma's influence. My love goes out to her as to you, as your and her loving father, in love,
J. H. Crampton

The Sunday School Times

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

July 7, 1893.

My very dear Mr.:

A letter from Sailer, received this morning, tells me of your hard work in your Bible-class teaching, and in your necessary daily study in connection therewith. It quite disturbs me in my loving sympathy with you.

I write merely to say that I hope you won't take five minutes of your precious time to write a letter home until the Conference is over. I don't think my letters will tax your strength, if you merely read them, and get the love out of them; but don't, please don't try to acknowledge them.

A young Princeton man was here this week, by the name of Hooper.

It did me good to hear him talk
of you. All I had to do was to say
"Amen" at every few words.

How I wish I could hear one
of those Bible-class lessons of yours
as I used to, and then talk it
over with Emma at its close. One
of your sisters said, "Dr. Trumbull
you'll spoil Miss Bailey, talking
about Rob to her; you're so enthu-
siastic about him." But I think
you'll bear me witness that Emma
isn't spoiled yet. With my love
when I am

Yours and her loving father in love
A. Gray Trumbull

The Sunday School Times

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1035 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

July 20, 1893.

My own dear Rob:

I was so glad to get your good letter. It is always good to get a letter from you, or to see you, or to hear about you, or to think of you with love.

I write now, just to say that I did send that case of Mountain water to you. I was so glad to learn when I was at your dear home that you and Emma liked that drink; and I wanted to keep my place at your table by proxy, while I could not be there myself. I am glad you are enjoying it.

Alice and Charley were delighted with their Northfield experiences. Alice especially enjoyed seeing you at the table in mental address, in your free ways as your own dear self. I enjoy you in all ways; and I am

Yours and Emma's very loving
Father in love
Wm. Brewster

Phil. Aug. 4, 1893.
Friday Eve

My very dear Rob.

It was real good
to get your good letter on Monday. If
I had acted on impulse, I should have
replied to it the hour I received it,
for I love to speak back at one, when
you speak. But I restrained myself,
and gave you a little rest.

But I do not mean that I think
you would not have ^{been} glad of a letter, if I
had written it; only you have ~~more~~
else to do than to read or to write loving
letters, and I must not interfere with
you in your duty. Love.

I was much interested in your
sermon, given on the 1st of June in
the World. How I should like to hear
that sermon!

When I was camping, for ten days
or so, on the mountain of Sion, just under
the walls of the World on its summit,
pilgrims were coming in large numbers
from all over the land; as it was just
about Easter, or Passover time.

Among the sights in that vicinity
is an indentation in the rock, said to be
the print of the foot of Jesus, as he ascended
into the heavens. As I stood outside my

level, one day, a group of beginners from
the North came up the mountain, and
one of their number said, "we in English,
"Please, sir, can you show me where the
foot of Jesus is?"

I pointed the man to the place where
the print in the rock is to be seen, but
I said also, at the time, that the footsteps
of Jesus are all along on paths of duty down
the plain, and in the daily walks of
busy life. And all of us can walk in
these footsteps, and can point them out
to others.

Since then I have thought many
times of the longing souls in this life, who
ask, in their sense of need is not in
explicit words, "Please show us
where the foot of Jesus is." And to
such souls, dear Rob, you are a true
and a loving guide. I wish I were
as faithful and devoted in God's
service.

Just now I have only Alice at
home with me. Chesley and Katharine,
Sophy, and her four boys, Phil and Annie
are all at the sea-side. In my sense
of loss, from the absence of John Walker at
my office and in my recreations and daily
life, and from the absence of Mrs. Fremwell

in my home and everywhere, life's burdens are heavier, and life's duties are harder than they were, yet the dear Saviour does give me peace and strength to rise up, and to struggle on, and I am very grateful.

Let you ^{want} wonder that at times I am very, very lonely. It is two years this month since Mrs. Truitt fell asleep. It all comes back to me, when so much is myself in my home here.

I assure ^{you} that the love which you and dear Emma give true and warm, is a great comfort to me. It has blessed me in this way, when most I needed it. I am cheered and helped by the thought that I have a place in your love and prayers, and with a heart full of love I thank you both for it.

But I mustn't write in a gloomy strain. I am pretty blessed now in my home, and in my life work. I am keeping up this summer on all lines of effort. My teachers' meeting has not fallen as low as they on any Saturday night, my Bible class is in good form also. During the week I am pushing on

with me both in Lyinn, as well as in my
philanthropic work; and as long as the Master
has anything for me, do know I know
he will give me strength.

But I am very grateful to you and
Emma, and I do love you very dearly;
and I am ever

Your very loving father in love
H. W. Brewster

The Sunday School Times

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

August 11 1893.

My very dear Rob:

It is always good to hear from you; and it is especially good when I can do anything for you, or help you to make some of my poor work ^{words} and effective for good to others in your field of influence. This is in the line of your making my past a success.

I recall the prayer meeting talk to which Will Duller refers. I wrote it out afterwards in an editorial on "The Duty of Keeping." I send a copy of it herewith; and I add another on "Planting Seed Too Deep," which may interest you. I shall be glad if you get any hints from them. What a work you are doing by stirring missionaries up to their duty

and privilege. He said knew when
He wanted you.

I am glad you feel lazy on
summer evenings, and I hope you
will yield to the feeling. It is
nature's way of recuperation.
You will gain by this kind of
resting - resting more each night
in order that you may do good work
to-morrow.

With love to Emma, I am

Your loving father - in love

(
Henry Brewster

4103 WALNUT ST. Phila.

Aug. 14, 1893.

My very dear Rob:

It was so good to see you and Emma this afternoon. It was a non-alcoholic stimulant, safer and more refreshing than Brant's Champagne. I feel the thrill of it yet - at the least rather than at the head.

But - I reproach myself for rattleing on so about myself. Yet I have such a home feeling with you, that I just let myself ^{out} when I am with you; in fact feeling that you are interested in me personally; and as one as lovely as I am sure, that is a very pleasant thought. It is such a help and a cheer to me to believe that, somehow, you value me - or rather, love me - for my own sake. So you will not ascribe my talking about myself to mere egotism. It is rather the heart overflowing, to one whose very presence draws out its heart.

And now about those missionary articles. I want you to feel that The Sunday School Times is at your service - in Christ - for appeals to Christians in England, and for instruction of you and all concerning missions. Write what you will, and tell me of those who will write what you would ^{like to} have written. Can speak of wishing to make suggestions to missionaries in certain lines. Make these suggestions in our papers, or tell me of missionaries who can make them out of their richer experience. And if you will tell me

The Sunday School Times

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

August 31, 1893.

My very dear Rob:

Your letter of last Thursday, was a very loving one, and full of comfort and help. It is so good to know that you and Emma love me, and find joy in any evidence that God uses me for good to His dear ones. It strengthens and inspires me, when I am tempted to tire in the way of duty. I do thank you for your helpful assurances.

I am interested in all that you say as to your new plans of work in the Society. It is necessary to be patient as well as pushing, in this world as it is. And I am sure you will compass, by God's grace all the plans you have in mind for

the furtherance of his cause. You have done wonders already, and this is only an earnest of what you will do.

Have you decided where to stop in Chicago? I would like my dear ones to be with you, and I would like to be at the same place when I get time to make a brief visit there.

I spoke of a Family Club House, in which I had taken a couple of shares, ^{so as} to ensure me the option of rooms in case of a crowd. I send you the circulars for this herewith. I am not sure that it would be a desirable place for you or for me to stop, but you can look at the thing as it presents itself ^{in this house}.

The prices of rooms were at first quite high; but they have cut down the prices somewhat, as indicated by a sheet with prices marked in ink. The ink marks indicate the price of the room, whether one or two

occupy it - except in the case of 11.
rooms. They are for one person only.

Having two shares, I could transfer one of them to you. But this merely secures the privilege of being accommodated, whether there is a rush or not.

I am by no means desirous of stopping at this place. I would call your attention to it for your consideration. I would like to be at the same place with you, if it can conveniently be arranged; but many things must ^{I know,} be taken into account.

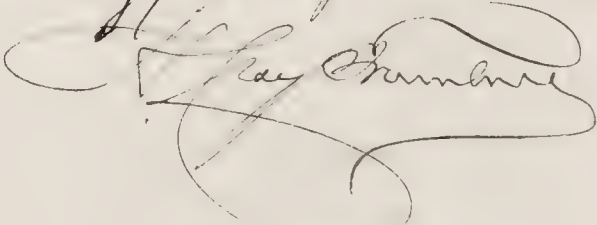
I shall not be in Chicago before the first week in October, ^{but the others may go earlier.} If you have formed any plans as to your visit, I should like to know of them; but do not let me hamper you in the least.

At our church prayer meeting last evening, Charley took part, quite unexpectedly to me in a sensible talk. I was quite pleased

with it. He spoke simply, directly
and easily. He had a thought. He
expressed it concisely, He illustrated
it forcibly. He applied it; and set
down. There was no waste of words;
no attempt at display; no description
in utterance.

Alice came back from Minne-
qua, last evening. To-day she
starts for the White Mountains
to visit Mrs. Ross.

All join me in love to you and
Emma; and I am

Most lovingly your father-in-law,


The Sunday School Times

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1131 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

Sept. 8 1893.

Friday Aftⁿ

Dear Rob:

I came back about
midnight last night, from
a visit to Connecticut, to attend
my Regimental Reunion. I also
made a visit to dear Mrs. Trum-
bull's grave. It was a visit of memories!

I found here your loving letter
of Wednesday, telling of your visit
to New England, and of your plans
for Chicago. I am glad you know
the "clam-bake"; and I am glad
you have seen the region of my
bringing up.

If you like the Waukesha Family
Club, I think we can arrange to be there
together. I send you herewith a
Membership Certificate duly transferred,
which will secure you rooms on order

white rooms, are plenty or not -
You can forward the letters of transfer,
retaining the card until called for.

I think that Alice and Katherine
and Charles can go out about the
time you go; and I can follow later.
I should be so glad to have them
with you; and it will be so good to
find you there when I come.

By what route do you go, and
when? Perhaps they can go on the
same train. My military writings
there are October 10 and 11. I should
like to come back with you all.
At least I will try to come early
enough to finish my visit as soon
as my meetings close.

I am glad you find any help
in my words about Reaping.

I have enjoyed my lesson work
for the first Sunday in October. It is
in next week's paper.

In haste and love

Yours lovingly
H. Gay Cromwell

Phil. Sept 10 1873

My dear brother,

When you read in
your last loving letter, some different
phases of the sowing and reaping question,
reminded me of a study of the scene at
Jacob's Well, which I made some years ago,
as throwing light on the words of our Lord ^{his disciples} after his talk with
the Samaritan woman about the reaping season.
The commentators are confused at that point,
and I think I have given a rational solution
of the question raised as to the meaning of John 4:38. ^{38:38}
I send you a copy of it herewith, thinking it
will interest you.

I do not know, dear Rob, how much you
do for me, and how much you ask of me; but
God knows, and I realize it gratefully. I hope
I can do with you a Chicago, and have an oppor-
tunity of telling you what a help and how you are
my confidence in me and your love for me.
I ^{greatly} needed, not what you give me, at this time
in my life; therefore God sent you to me, and
I thank Him in every remembrance of you.

With love to dear Emma, whom I have always
in my loving thoughts of you and mine

Your ever very loving affectionate
brother
F. J. Stewart

Phil. Sept. 13, 1893.
Wednesday Eve.

My very dear Rob:

If my children go out
with you and Emma to Chicago, I suppose
they must apply at once for accommo-
dations on the train in order to secure
berths. Hence I am desirous of learning
from you by what train you are to go.

And so if they are to be with you at
Chicago, it will be necessary to apply
two weeks in advance for rooms at the
Frankesha.

I do not wish to hamper you on the
one hand, or to hurry you on the other;
but if it can be so that they can be
with you, and that I can join you
before you come back, it will be delightful
on our side of the house.

Perhaps you have written me already.
If not will you drop me a line as to this?

Your very loving father-in-law

Wm. Brewster

Nov 6.30

Nov. 12.25

Phil. Sept. 14, 1893.
Thursday Eve.

My very dear Rob.

It seems that a letter from you was on its way, while I wrote last evening. I was so glad to get it.

By the way, I heard Dr. Bushnell preach that sermon on "Letting God love us," when he had just written it. It delighted me, and I walked away from the church with him talking it over.

I supposed you noticed my gratitude from your letter on the weather, in one of my editorial notes. That has been copied very widely in the religious press of the country. You keep at them in helping me.

If you would really like to have Alice and Katharine and Charles on the train with you to Chicago, will you not engage a section and a berth for them, when you get yours, and then let

we know what the train is. In this way you can suit your convenience as to starting, and yet have my other children with you when you go. If you cannot take the tickets now I will telephone, "over the line" can join you at the starting.

One thing more, please let me know the date of your address. I am most anxious to hear from you and see the paper; and I ~~will~~ arrange my visit accordingly.

I am interested in your winter plans for Bible class, bookings, I wish it could attend on a course.

Yesterday I wrote an editorial called "After the Week". I think it will prove timely & sane. I shall be glad to have you vote it.

With love to dear Emma, I am
Dear and your

Very lovingly yours in love

Wm. Brewster

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1131 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Sept. 21, 1893.

My very dear Mr. C.:

Coming home after writing a letter to you, I find here your loving letter, telling me that the sections are secured. I thank you for your promptness.

But I am so sorry that I shall be unable to reach Chicago by October 1, in order to hear your address. I cannot be away from here twelve days, and I must be in Chicago October 11. It is a real regret to me, and a real loss.

I am glad you like that editorial, and I agree with in the bearing as it bears of the words of our Lord.

Yours very sincerely
H. C. Brownell

The Sunday School Times

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

Sept. 21, 1893.

My very dear Rob:

Alice and Katharine and Charley will be glad to take a train leaving here at 6:30 P.M. on Thursday (28th inst.). Have you got an answer to your application for berth?

Please tell me also what day you are to speak in Chicago.

I have word from the Waukesha that rooms will be ready for our party; and I have asked that they be near yours if possible.

The dear Master sees to it that I shall not grow sluggish from lack of tribulation. Phil Howard's brother Rob, about nineteen years old, who has been in our office a year and a half, left last week to visit his grandfather, near Boston.

On Monday morning he was killed instantly by an express train at Newton.

Phil hurried on, with his mother,
and he is still there. This has
not only caused me grief, but it
has called me to double duty in
Phil's absence, and in arranging
for the funeral, to be here on Saturday.

Of course this is all well, but
"the flesh is weak." Strength comes
when according busy day, and
with love, I know I have your
sympathy and prayer.

With love to dear Emma

I am
Yours very lovingly
H. W. Crumhall

Phil. Sept. 27, 1893.

My very dear Rob:

You have been very kind and thoughtful in all these arrangements about the Chicago trip. Your letter of yesterday gave all the details as to time of starting, number of berths, and checking of baggage, so as to include the possibility of misunderstanding. I do thank you warmly for these fresh illustrations of your love.

Alice and Katharine and Cheddy expect to be on the train, and look forward to seeing you and Emma in the morning. That will be a precious caravan in my love and thoughts and prayers.

I wish I could hear your address. I shall pray for you as you plan it - and as you give it. And do not miss a chance to see you in Chicago on Friday evening, Oct. 6. With love to dear Emma,
Yours very lovingly (H. G. Brewster)

Phil. Oct. 24, 1893.
Tuesday Ev.

Dear Mr. Rob.

I am so glad
to hear of you. I seem to feel you a
little nearer than while you were
"swinging round the circle" of Synods.
This morning I met Dr. Cullett,
and heard good words from you at
Easton. He was successful over you;
for he "knows a good thing when he sees
it". But really, Rob, was it quite
far in the evening. He
will want to see you for the next time.

On Sunday afternoon I was
in our Bible class. He also brought
you to mind, as I know he advises you.
By the way, I met him outside our church
going toward it, and I welcomed him.
He said "I'm coming to sit at your
feet, and that's more than anyone can
do for me, so I'm very glad to sit."
We have had some delightful Bible class
studies and teachers meetings on these recent

Especially I have enjoyed them greatly.

Since I hope you will take a general
view of the results of the "Parliament of the
Ligians." I would like to call that subject
over with you; for I have heard a very good
report of it from some who attended nearly
all of the sessions. My daughter has asked
me to go and attend it on Wednesday,
and I would like to have a
conference with you on some other, in order
to study myself properly. That was the
main purpose on Monday or Tuesday week!

Did you know that I was nearly
worn up by my long trip? I feel
what day you left. But I am all right
now. I enjoyed ^{so much} visiting you and Emma,
and so did this.

With love to Emma I am ever
your devoted

H. J. [Signature]

I do all hope to see you soon
in this way of yours as soon as you can
come.

Phil. Oct 27, 1857

My dear Mr. C.

I was expected to have

been in your city, but I was

unable to do so, and I have

now a business to attend to

at New York on Tuesday morning, and

therefore, as I now think, run over

to New York on Tuesday morning, and

hope to have you lunch with me, if

you can take time for that, even

if you cannot give any more of

your precious moments to me.

By the way, if you need

any more of my work, you need

not send me word; but if you should

see anything in the way of my work

in your office, I will thank you to telegraph

me accordingly or to write to me.

Yours very truly,

Wm. Brewster

Phil. Nov 5, 1893.

Sunday Eve.

My very dear Rob:

I am sure
pleasure came to look in on your new
home so soon after you took leave
of it. I am sure that you are
intelligently as I love you and pray
you. I was glad to "break bread" with
you at your own table in loving care.
I am sure that all your friends
were and dearest.

I had a very interesting
meeting of the students of
Cambridge to see the new religion.
I felt compelled to give my views
upon it. I emphasized the truth that
Christ is not the Christ of the world,
but the one true Christ of the world is
in the world, and is a noble person
and a noble life.

I had a very interesting
my head, from striking my self violently
against the corner of a table, as I had
talked with some of my people concerning
during one of my previous papers.

calls. In swaying my body backward
vehemently I struck the corner of the
mantel. The scalp was cut, and I had
quite a concussion of the brain. I suffered
considerable both from pain and from the
nervous shock.

A surgeon dressed the wound, and
forbade my leaving my room at once.
He said I could not really touch my
Bible cross, and I had to give that
up. I slept awhile, and I am feeling
better now. There is swollen a lump
^{however,} and I am corresponding to
you.

This is my first mental effort,
but I am writing it from the heart
and from the head. I want to
tell you and I hope I have
you and that I am

Your loving father
P. S. I had a very pleasant ride
with Mrs. Stanley

Phil. Nov. 16, 1893.
Thursday.

My very dear Bob:

If I wrote to you as often as I feel like doing so, I should be overloading you with long letters, and I had no doubt that I should burden you in your busy life, with a long list of acknowledged long letters.

My damaged skull is in shape again. For the past few days my whole nervous system felt the effects of the concussion of the brain; and my very fingers and toes quiver and numbness; but I am all right once more.

I am interested in ^{the} Christian work among students in the University, and in the Medical College, which sailed is proving true. Last Sunday evening I met some students for an informal meeting about personal work; and on Tuesday I met the Christian students of the University for a conference on the same subject. This is a view of the approaching work in Cambridge. There is great hope for the work among the students, and I am glad to see the service of the dear Redeemer.

My thoughts on the subject, prompted my editorial for this week, on "One at a Time." For my

next week's paper. In the way I have written
in notes on the matter and an Illustrative
Applications on the power of the Resurrection. I trust
you will be interested in that. I long to make it
clear to believers that their life is in a living Christ
and not in a dead Jesus. I have been surprised
of late to learn how much of error and of credi-
tence of view on this point there is among Chris-
tians.

Dr. Helbrecht is back from the East again
and now I am to have his help in pushing
me back on original Socialism. There are very
long days with me, and I am glad yet. I have
been writing an editorial for next week's paper
on "Tested by Fire". There is a touch of un-
certainty, or of subjective feeling in it. It is pos-
sible true to think that I keep in communication
in some of my editorial work we are a good
four letters long. I am sure you find your
pathy is a constant inspiration and help to me.

I have been hoping to send to Emma some of
Chadley's photographs, but he has
been delayed in giving prints of them. I hope now
to send them in a day or two.

Chadley is doing finely in his office work,
and a Christian in leaves in several lines.
That reward also is doing finely and in re-
newal, and in active Christian service.

With love from us all to Emma and yourself
I am
Yours most lovingly

Wendell P. H. with
back hand ball now

Phil. Nov. 20, 1893

Monday Noon

Dear Emma:

On Saturday I sent
a set of Charley's photographs to
you. Most of them are from Chicago,
but one is from Harrisburg, taken
on the way from Chicago, and one of
Alice and Katherine ^{was} taken at
Niagara.

That picture of the party on the
car steps is of interest. Alice does
look as if she were ^{being} pinched or punch-
ed, and were trying ^{not} to cry out until
the picture was finished. And Bob
stands where he might have been
doing the mischief, and his face
looks as if he were up to something
of the sort. This is the way it looks
in the picture. Don't you think so?

I think you will enjoy looking
over the pictures, as reminders of
bright days of eight-seeing.

Mr. Sanford was here yesterday. He
is just from Cambridge, and he speaks
very warmly of your good mother.

He addressed the theater meeting
led by the students, last night. I
was with him and made the opening
prayer.

This morning he called on me.
Best of all that he told me was
the story of Rob's opening Bible
class at Elizabeth. How I would
have liked to be there! But I
am with you in heart very much of
the time, and I love to be so. I am
so glad that I can have in mind
a new and dear name, from my
early visit to it.

With love to Rob, I am

Your loving father in love
R. Fay Trumbull

The Sunday School Times

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1131 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

Nov. 24 1893.

My very dear Rob:

I sent you yesterday those three photographs which by your kindness, I borrowed from the collection of Mrs. Grand. I have taken good care of them, and have not even had them copied. I hope they will reach their destination in good shape.

I am urged to meet the students at the lecture for a talk on Personal Work on Thursday evening, December 7, and I am inclined to go. The last time I spoke there was then, I think you were one of the members, but you didn't stop & speak with us after the meet.

up, to my sincere regret. I think
if you were one of the audience
now you wouldn't leave ^{the room} without
taking my hand. I used to think
that you had a dislike of me,
and I was real sorry. But
now I have comfort in a sense
of your love.

I was so glad to know of my
correspondence ^{with you,} in thought and
feeling on that matter of "One at
a time". I know I am influenced
by your spirit constantly, and
I rejoice that it is so.

I was very glad of what you
told me about Mr. Bailey's
interest in my book in Leipzig,
and also of your own opinion of it.
I find there are a great many
who differ with me in this thing;
and the strange thing is that
theological professors and laymen,
as well as laymen, argue ^{bluntly} for the justifi-

calm - giving a command of the
possible cost of doing right. If a
man isn't ready to die and let
others die rather than apostatize,
his faith isn't worth much, nor
is his life had with Christ in
God.

I am busier than usual
now in work on and for my
paper at the close of the year,
and in pressing ^{forward} my Oriental
work; but I find time to keep
up my Bible study and teach
up, and to have a share in
personal work for the Master,
and in Christian work for
the University of Pennsylvania.
I am grateful for the strength for
all this.

Mrs. Arthur Mitchell has
just moved to West Philadelphia
with her family. They are in our
church and congregation. They are
good workers. I was at their home
last evening.

It is much love to you and
I am

Yours truly
Wm. Lloyd Garrison

Phil. Dec. 11, 1893.

Monday Eve.

My very dear Rob:

As I came into my house this evening, I was regretting that I had not found time either yesterday or today to write you a few lines, and to send in a loving letter from you, instead waiting longer than I had intended. You are better than your own dear self, and what could I say more than that?

And now as you are going off to Chicago tomorrow, I will write a few hurried lines, hoping that they will reach you at its office before you leave.

We are so glad to tell you of your plans. I shall think of and pray for you in your way to Chicago, and again as you go on your Mexican trip. I have heard very good words about Dr. Richards of Fairfield. I think he will be a pleasant traveling companion.

Dear Emma, I sympathize with her in the trial of your separation, and I shall pray for her lovingly.

I have been very busy in the
Master's service in past week. I had
a real good time at Brimley. After
the meeting, I should think there were
a hundred who stopped to ask me ques-
tions, and they questioned me for a full
hour, I have had pleasant words from
them, since, as to the effect, or influence,
of the meeting, Fairer was with me; we
attended Fabric's lecture on Japan.
I did it greatly.

In town here, I have been helping
Sayford. A great work is going on here
among the students. I addressed, into
him, a gathering of nearly two hundred
medical students, and our church
members, yesterday morning, at the
Y.M.C.A. rooms. Last evening I was
with him at the Church meeting, addressed
by Mrs. Wollington Smith.

Ulice has been down with the grip,
but she is getting up again. All these
things, in addition to ordinary work, have
taken time; and so it was that I was
deprived of the privilege of writing tonight
to you; but I did keep on thinking and writing.

You are good to tell me of your talks
with the children, and I am glad to
hear you preaching in the Sunday School
times, for we are your help
all the time, and I do love you very
dearly.

Your loving father in love

Wm. Brown

The Sunday School Times

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

Dec. 20, 1893.

My very dear Rob:

How glad I was
to meet your dear Emma on
the street last week! It gave
me a lift of heart for all day.
And then I saw your good
sisters too. That was added
pleasure.

I have been having a
twist of the grip. It has
affected my head, and has
caused that peculiar depres-
sion of spirits which cannot
be overcome by reason or
faith. The "Times" affect even
The Sunday School Times, and
we are working hard to pre-

read a large falling off in
subscriptions. All this is a
strain on the vital forces.
But I try to turn it to good
account by preaching my-
self in an editorial, hoping
that somebody else will be
helped by it.

I have just finished an
editorial on "Never Giving Up"
for next week's paper, and
I hope you will like it, too.
It was not in the line of my
surface feelings, but it came
out of my deepest convictions.
I am thinking of and pray-
ing for you as you are preparing
for your Mexican trip. I am
glad you are to take that. You
cannot work as hard as at
home, and I am sure you will

be doing good while getting it.

Can I send you any
letters while you are away?

If I can I shall be glad to.

But in any event I can
think of you, and pray for
you, and love you very
dearly, as

Your very loving father-in-law

Wm. Brewster

The Sunday School Times

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

Dec. 29. 1893.

My very dear Rob:

You have been better than ever in writing to me of late, and I love you more than ever. Both you and I have been very busy in these recent days, yet we have found time not only to love each other but to write and say so; and this has been a help and a joy to me, while I hope you have had some gain in it.

As the time draws near for your start Southward I am thinking much of you, and I want to write at least a few loving

words to you, to say again how
my heart is with you, and how
lovingly I pray for you.

I don't know whether Sailes
has told you of a ^{recent} trying providence
in his circle of family connections.
Dr. M. H. Poulding, of Barstow, New
Jersey, married a life-long friend
of Sailes's mother. A sister of Mrs.
Poulding ^{also} married a brother of Mrs.
Sailes. The families have been very
closely linked together for years.

On Tuesday last Dr. Poulding
was killed by a railroad train
a few miles from his home. He was
riding on a mission of mercy, and
he was struck by a second train
just after a first had passed in
an opposite direction. He lived a
few hours in great suffering, but in perfect
consciousness. It was a very sad affair.

He leaves a wife and eight children.
I have been interested in the family
for a dozen years or more, and only
last week I sent a box of Christmas

gifts to their home. My heart
has bled with them all in this
trial. The tragedies of life are many,
but Love is over and through
them all. How good it is to love
and to trust, and to have no doubt.

I shall send letters to you
from time to time while you are
away, and I shall follow you
with my love and my thoughts
and my prayers.

I wrote a brief New Year's
editorial yesterday for my
next week's paper. I send
a proof of it herewith.

The loving Christmas note from
you and dear Emma was a glad
and welcome surprise to me. It
was one of the best of my Christmas
gifts. I thank you both from my
inmost heart, and I am
Your ever loving father-in-law,
H. C. Crumholl